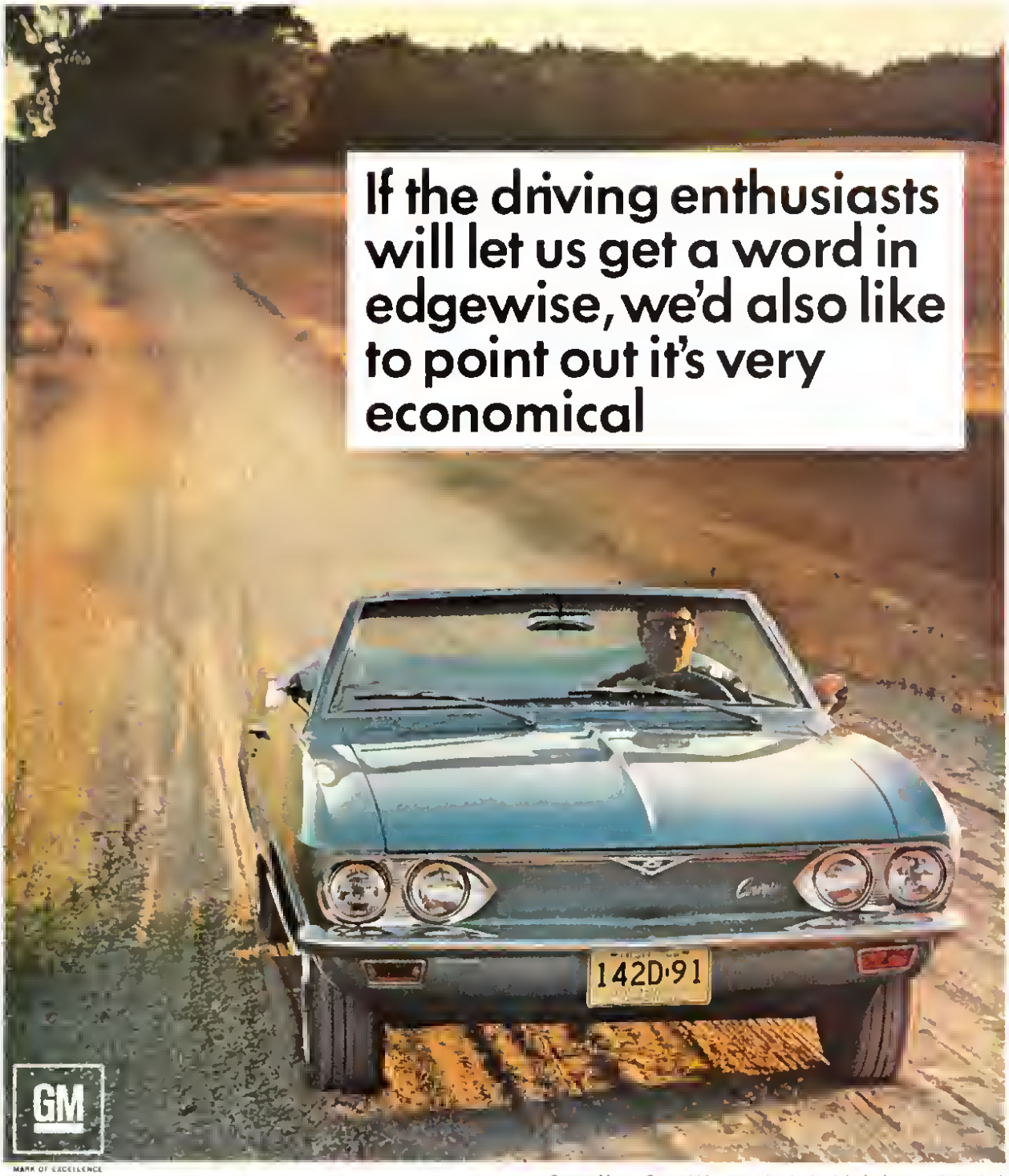
Sports Illustrated

MARCH 6, 1961 50 CENTS

THE ASTOUNDING STORY OF ARNOLD PALMER





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'67 Corvair

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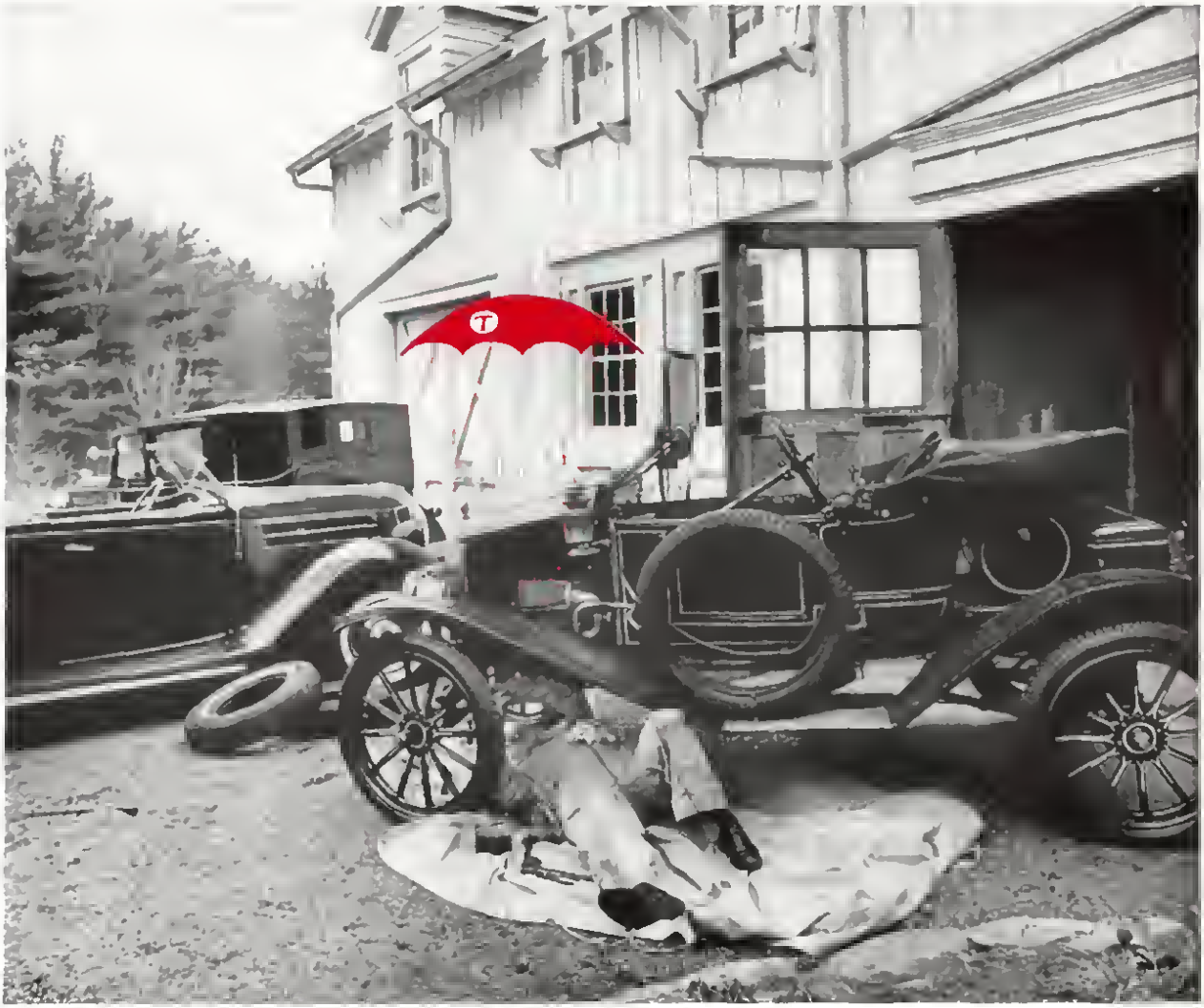
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Contents

MARCH 6, 1967 *Volume 26, No. 10*

Cover photograph by James Drake

16 The Fighting Illini

Illinois attempts to defend its coaches following slush-fund revelations that have the Big Ten in turmoil

20 Demolition Run at Daytona

Mario Andretti's Ford won the top stock car race as blazing speed took a heavy toll

22 A Wide-open Derby Campaign

After two months of racing, no stable can claim the favorite for the Triple Crown events coming up

24 In Search of Naismith's Game

Frank Deford traveled 8,500 miles and saw six basketball games in six days to answer some key questions

34 The Siren Song of Sotogrande

A magnificent golf course and the glittering sea lure vacationers to a new multimillion-dollar Spanish resort

44 A Sad Farewell, A Glad Hello

Doug Jones was knocked out of the heavyweight picture by Joe Frazier, who may mean trouble for Ali

56 My Friend Arnold Palmer

A rare insight into the greatest of all modern golfers by his attorney, manager and confidant, Mark McCormack

The departments

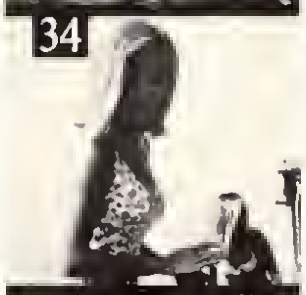
11 Scorecard
43 People
44 Boxing
48 Bridge
51 Track & Field
71 For the Record
72 Basketball's Week
74 19th Hole



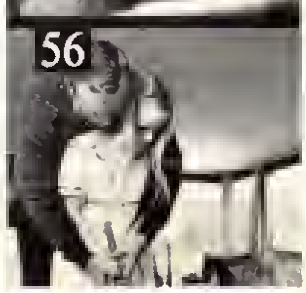












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Credits on page 71

Next week

A TEAM ON THE RISE in 1967 may be the young, colorful Kansas City Athletics William Leggett visits Manager Alvin Dark's charges in spring training and dissects their optimism.

KENTUCKY DERBY hopefuls on both coasts get major tests in the mile-and-an-eighth Santa Anita Derby and the Flamingo. Color photographs and a report by Whitney Tower.

PRETTY PEGGY FLEMING goes to Vienna to defend her world figure-skating title, and two young Americans seek the men's honors. Both events are observed by Bob Ottum.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Equipped with an 11-pound portable typewriter, two drip-dry shirts, a pair of black Edwardian boots and a blue Doctnr Zhivago hat that he purchased near Times Square for $2.67, Associate Editor Frank Deford embarked last week on a trip that was a basketball buff's dream: he would see six college games in six days all over the United States (*page 24*).

The tight schedule was risky because a black cloud of bad weather seems to follow Deford around on his assignments, as on that dark day last season when he was driving through Idaho's Malad Gorge and got caught in a blizzard. This season an October snowstorm forced his Cincinnati-bound plane to land in St. Louis. He subsequently found 13 inches of snow in Louisville, snow and sleet in Lincoln, Neb., endless rain in San Francisco, snow, chilling rain and a flat tire in Providence and another blizzard in Chapel Hill, N.C. He endured a near-record Christmas Eve snowfall in Baltimore and even brought frost to Florida. Still, Deford was not worried about this odyssey. He felt the law of averages was about to work in his favor.



DEFDRD AT PRESS TARLE IN STOCKTON

His confidence was shaken just three miles from his New York apartment. The Triborough Bridge was up, and he had not even known it was a drawbridge. Then his plane was held on the runway for two and a half hours because of a "malfunctioning landing-gear warning light." However, the rest of the trip was surprisingly smooth, the only real annoyance being a split in the rear seam of one of his boots; they were the only shoes he took along. At most points, sleep was a problem. After watching Montana play Weber State at Ogden, Utah Friday night, he drove to Salt Lake City, arriving there at 11 p.m., waited one and a half hours at the airport, flew to Omaha, Neb., slept four hours in a motel, flew to Kansas City and drove to Lawrence, Kans. for the Missouri-Kansas game Saturday afternoon. By this time the dark circles under his eyes were beginning to make him look like a raccoon, but he could still see to type.

•

Also in this issue we begin a four-part series on the life of Arnold Palmer, written by his friend and business associate, Mark McCormack. This is the 10th time Palmer has appeared on our cover. It is also one of the comparatively few times we have felt that a story was important enough to run in more than one installment. Later in the year Simon and Schuster will put the Palmer saga between hard covers, and we hope it will win as much acclaim as two other books: first introduced in the pages of SI: George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*, No. 3 on the latest nonfiction best-seller list, and Senior Editor Jack Olsen's *Black Is Best. The Riddle of Cassius Clay*, just out and being applauded by critics all over the country.

Gary Valk

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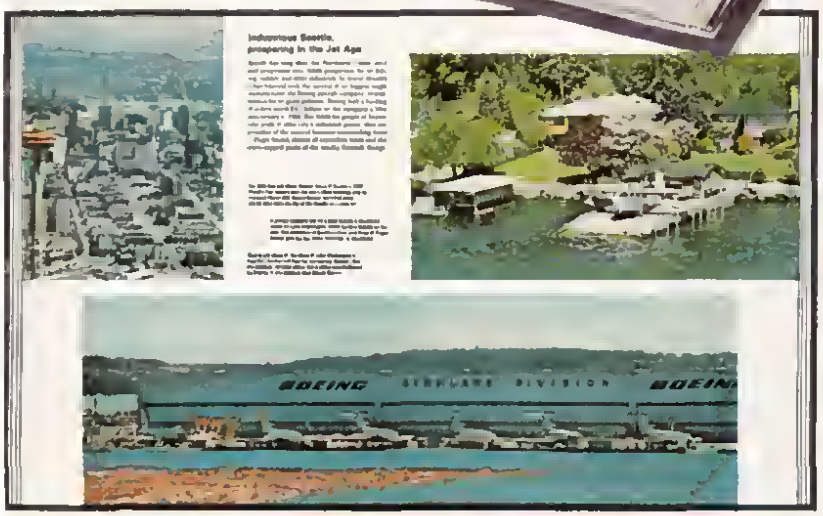


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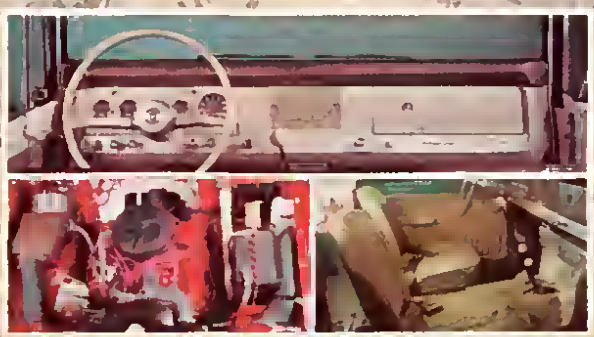
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really a request because my wife ... apparel as suitable ... I have been ... If

SCORECARD

SANCTIONS AND SANCTIMONY

Last weekend the AAU conferred its highest honor, the Sullivan Award, on Jim Ryun and at the same time informed him that his 1:44.9 world record for the half mile, which he set at the United States Track and Field Federation Championships in Terre Haute, Ind. last June, will not be recognized unless the USTFF applies to the AAU for a retroactive sanction of the meet.

Beautiful.

Intoned AAU President David A. Matlin: "We are confident that if the Federation applies in writing for the sanction and the Indiana AAU gives sanction—as its president, Dr. Miles Barton, indicated Friday—we can persuade the International Amateur Athletic Federation to accept Ryun's half mile as a world record."

So why did the AAU accept Ryun's mark as an American record and forward it to the IAAF for certification as a world record (SI, Feb. 13)? Who was IAAF Secretary Donald Pain kidding when he returned the application, saying it was "not in order"? And what was Colonel David Hull, AAU executive director, up to when he said the application would be routinely resubmitted to the IAAF "and we expect at that time it will be accepted"?

"The AAU apparently has evolved a new theory of control," explained Walt Byers, president of the NCAA, which is aligned with the USTFF. "Having failed in the enforcement of athletes' ineligibility, they now render their records ineligible. Last June the AAU attempted to scare Jim Ryun out of running at Terre Haute. Having been unsuccessful in that, they are taking out their spite by holding up his world record."

At week's end, Father Wilfred H. Crowley, USTFF president, said he would not accept the AAU's terms, leaving the 1:44.9 in bureaucratic limbo. "This shows who is victimizing the American athlete," Father Crowley added. "I just wonder if Mr. Ryun should have accepted that Sullivan Award."

The USTFF is not wholly blameless in this affair, but the AAU would be well advised henceforth to conduct its puerile business in a sandbox.

ROAD GANG

In recent years we have campaigned for the elimination of "tired baseball"—that brand of ball played by a team that is constantly on the road, hither and yon, fulfilling a schedule the owners have made far too long and devious.

For example, this spring the Cleveland Indians play in places like San Diego, Modesto, Stockton, New Orleans, Shreveport and Little Rock for 14 of their last 15 exhibition games. They then open the regular season in Kansas City, fly to Anaheim, fly to Minnesota and fly home to Cleveland for 13 games in the first 14 days of the season. Attendance has been dropping off in Cleveland the past few years. This looks like a perfect way to keep emptying Municipal Stadium.

VOX POPULI

A notable victory for conservation was scored last week when Northwest Aluminum, which had sought to build a $100 million aluminum-reduction foundry on lovely little Guemes Island in Puget Sound, abandoned the site in the face of legal action by a handful of small landowners who wish to preserve their island for residence and recreation (SI, Nov. 28 *et seq.*).

Recently, too, Georgia-Pacific, sensing public disfavor, decided not to build a gypsum-wallboard plant on the Hudson River opposite Storm King. So, literally from coast to coast, it is evident that people are increasingly aware of what is rather loftily termed their natural heritage, and are increasingly opposed to its devastation. Obviously, industry has to locate somewhere, but is it too idealistic to suggest that everyone should sit down beforehand and decide which areas are inviolate and which are suitable for industry? After all, we've been able to get together to solve such exacting problems as how many feet must separate saloons from public schools.

OPEN DOOR POLICY

A few college football and basketball coaches around the country have come up with a pretty nifty way to circumvent the NCAA regulations that *strictly limit* preseason and postseason practice sessions. Just because students happen to be members of the football or basketball team doesn't mean they are prohibited from gathering in the gym or field house if a coach isn't on hand to supervise. So what these coaches do is stand in the corridor and shout instructions through an open door. They're not breaking any laws, and it makes the molding of character so much easier.

ACCLIMATIZATION

Tom Nieporte and Julius Boros, who won golf tournaments at Palm Springs and Phoenix on successive weekends, both have seven children and both credited their wins to putting. One theory holds that a man with seven kids isn't likely to be distracted by sudden noises.



RUNNERS AND LOOKERS

How old must an object be to be an antique? One hundred years, says Public Law 89-651. Twenty-five years, says David R. Reinhartsen of Richardson, Texas, president of the Antique Outboard Motor Club, for to be registered with his club an outboard must have been built before 1942.

The AOMC was founded in 1965 and now has 250 members. "We have all

continued

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types," Reinhartsen said last week, "from a draftsman to a retired colonel to a manufacturer of girdle snaps."

Reinhartsen categorizes members as "runners" and "lookers." The girdle snapper is a looker. He has 100 antique motors in his basement, but never runs them. Frank Johnston, a Gainesville, Fla. foundry owner, is a runner. He has the largest collection of antique outboards in the world—160—and uses them.

According to Reinhartsen, the first U.S. outboard was the American, which was built around 1896, and the rarest is the Strellinger. "It was an outboard device whose propeller was in the air rather than in the water," he says. "It was made between 1918 and 1923, and as far as we know there are none in existence. Then there's the John-T model, giant twin. There are three of those left. A real prize! A tremendous outboard motor!"

You won't get Reinhartsen to say he doesn't like new outboards; what he says is, "New motors lack character and experience. One of our greatest joys is to find someone on a lake with one of those big, beautiful new motors conked out on him. We ride up and gently ask, 'Can I loan you some tools?' Usually they don't know how to use them. Then we say, 'May I tow you to shore?' Of course, there are times we don't think we can make it. At times we haven't."

And then there's the drunk who staggered up to the AOMC display at the Dallas boat show, scrutinized the antiques and addressed Reinhartsen. "Say, fella," he said, "they'll never sew."

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

Ted Griffin, who owned Namu, the killer whale that died in its pen on the Seattle waterfront last summer (SI, July 18, 1966), is at it again. Two weeks ago a pod of killers was herded by helicopter into a cove of Puget Sound, purse seiners surrounded them with 600 feet of net—later replaced by steel-cable netting—and it was Griffin's intention to chivvy three large calves into a traveling pen. If he were successful, the trio was to be launched on show biz careers: one at the Portland Boat Show, two at Griffin's aquarium in downtown Seattle.

Griffin went two for four. The first whale he set after got entangled in the cables and drowned. When the second became similarly enmeshed, she was cut free. Next Griffin got hold of a nine-foot suckling, which nearly drowned when

pulled away from her mother and had to be given artificial respiration. At week's end the suckling and a 13-foot male were being force-fed in the aquarium holding pen, but plans to provide a whale for the boat show had been abandoned.

Despite Griffin's courage and his great rapport with whales, he is being subjected to increasing criticism.

"I question whether he has the right to frighten and harry these magnificent creatures," said Dr. Victor B. Scheffer of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the U.S. representative on the international whaling and fur-seal commissions. "Killer-whale hunters should be licensed, perhaps by the state fisheries department, with official representatives present at captures. Some suffering is bound to occur in the handling of rare animals for the first time. Some hazard to them is acceptable when the opportunity for scientific study is considered. When it is done for profit, that's something else again."

"I've never been able to accept that constant harassment of this animal served the cause of scientific research," said Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, associate professor of zoology at the University of Washington and director of Seattle's Pacific Science Center. "Certainly, I'm in favor of the careful study of all wildlife, of people knowing as much as possible for our better stewardship of the creatures of nature. But utilization of animals for study must require handling in the best possible way for their comfort and continued survival."

For his part, Griffin claims he lost at least $60,000 on Namu and is merely indulging a nonprofit passion. "I don't need to make money from whales," he said. "I love them. It's a challenge to pursue them, but for me it's just the beginning when I capture them. Then comes the greater thrill of training the whales to respond, to cooperate with me and to return my love for them."

HOT STOVE LEAGUE

One of the handful of male finalists in the 1967 Pillsbury Grand National Bake-Off in Los Angeles was Jim Buck, with a recipe for Lemon Twist Treat, which he describes as "a giant lengthwise tea ring." Buck also won first prize in the National Egg Cooking Contest in Chicago last August, with a recipe for Egg Dip.

Jim, who is 16 and lives on a 133-acre farm outside Oakland City, Ind.

continued



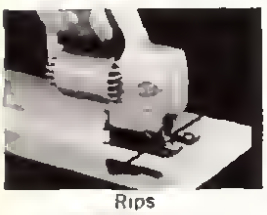
If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

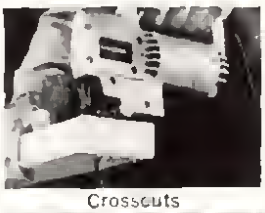
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(pop. 3,016), learned to cook from his mother, a two-time Pillsbury finalist, and with his dad had the state champion rooster in the rooster-crowing contest at the 1962 Indiana State Fair.

Now Jim has a shot at yet another title. Oakland City is the only unbeaten team in the state high school basketball tournament. Jim, a 6′ 2″ junior forward, is a top reserve. In fact, Coach Charlie Brauser ordered that he be back from the bakeoff "in time for our final game with North Posey." You might say that if the Oakland City Acorns become state champs, Jim will be having his cake and eating it—to say nothing of baking it.

NO SOLT FROM THE BLUE

Earlier this year Italy's Blue Team seemed destined to lose its chance for a ninth straight Contract Bridge World Championship. Carlo Alberto Perroux, its imperious nonplaying *padrone*, had decreed that the two oldest members would be replaced. In return, the team's most celebrated pair, Benito Garozzo and Pietro Forquet, declared they would not compete unless the team was kept intact (SI, Jan. 23).

Now, it appears, the king has been trumped. Last week Perroux resigned, and the Blue Team will defend en masse in Miami Beach beginning May 26.

EASY COME, EASY GO

A Londoner who got a rebate on his income tax noticed that the post office had franked the envelope with the invitation: "Come Racing at Musselburgh."

THEY SAID IT

• Ed (Moose) Krause, Notre Dame athletic director, suggesting a change in basketball rules: "Record all fouls on both teams but don't shoot any free throws during regulation play. Then, when the game's over, guys who like the game, as I do, can get up and go home. The others can wait around and watch the free-throw contest."

• Eddy Ottoz, Italian hurdler, asked why he competes unshaven: "Italian men and Russian women never shave before a meet."

• Ted Williams: "In my opinion, baseball is the hardest sport to play. To narrow it down further, hitting a baseball is the single most difficult thing that there is in sports. It takes more skill to hit a baseball than it does to do anything else." **END**



Our man in Denver took three nice ladies for a ride they'll never forget.

Hertz would like to thank Mrs. John Carlson of Sioux Falls, South Dakota for sending us a letter exposing Willard Reed for what he really is. A nice guy.

When Mrs. Carlson and some of her lady friends were in Denver, he rented them a car that broke down. (That wasn't very nice, but we're only human.) They called the Hertz office and he promptly got them into another car. (That was O.K. but it wasn't actually nice.)

It was the next day, on his day off, that Willard Reed really got nice.

He felt so badly about the car breaking down that he called Mrs. Carlson at her hotel and offered to take the ladies for a sightseeing ride. He picked them up, drove them through the mountains for three hours, and deposited the ladies back at their hotel.

Honestly though, we must admit that Willard Reed didn't go to all this trouble, on his day off, just because he's a nice guy. He had an ulterior motive.

He works for number one. And number one has a competitor who's just dying to see us become number two. Willard Reed and 11,799 other Hertz employees are aware of this fact. Which is why Hertz people often go to extremes to make customers happy.

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Thank our competition.

It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.



Hertz rents Fords and other good cars.

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 6, 1967

THE FIGHTING ILLINI

Beset on the one hand by its own admissions of guilt and on the other by a penalty that it considers too severe, the University of Illinois battles through a slush-fund debacle that has the Big Ten in a tumult

by DAN JENKINS

Oh, my goodness, not *Illinois*." When those words were uttered more than two months ago by Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed, the famed old athletic conference in the Midwest was thrust into soul-searching turmoil once again. A slush fund for football and basketball players had been uncovered at the University of Illinois, heretofore a simon-pure, charter member of the league with traditions predating the folklore deeds of Red Grange. But even the revelation of Illinois' sins did not rival the surprise that came late last week when the athletic directors of the Big Ten, following a formal meeting, recommended the harshest punishment in the history of the conference, the firing of the Illinois coaches concerned. Suddenly the entire Big Ten was saying, "Oh, my goodness."

The evidence was reported to be both mountainous and indisputable. Illinois, spotlessly clean since the Big Ten was originated as the Western Conference back in 1896, had cheated by violating the conference rule that forbids the payment of anything in excess of room, board, tuition and fees to athletes. It was understood there were records to prove that a total of $21,000 had been doled out to various football and basketball stars over the past five and a half years—money given away at the somewhat notorious indiscretion of coaches and officials in the athletic department of the university.

Bill Reed's statement reflected the astonishment, regret and embarrassment that the Big Ten felt when Illinois turned itself in for cheating last December. It was bad enough that this proud institution had violated the rules, but if this were true an obvious implication seemed to follow: if a school like Illinois was guilty, then surely a lot of others might be guilty, too.

Illinois was guilty of something, all right, there was no dispute about that. The initial evidence came to the attention of the university on Dec. 16 in the form of records supposedly kept by Athletic Director Doug Mills, who had just retired, or Assistant Athletic Director Mel Brewer, who was about to resign, or by an aide of theirs. Since 1961, it seemed, there had been a group of friends of the Illini, fans and alumni who contributed money that the coaches could use as they wished—for recruiting or for the care and feeding of athletes already on campus.

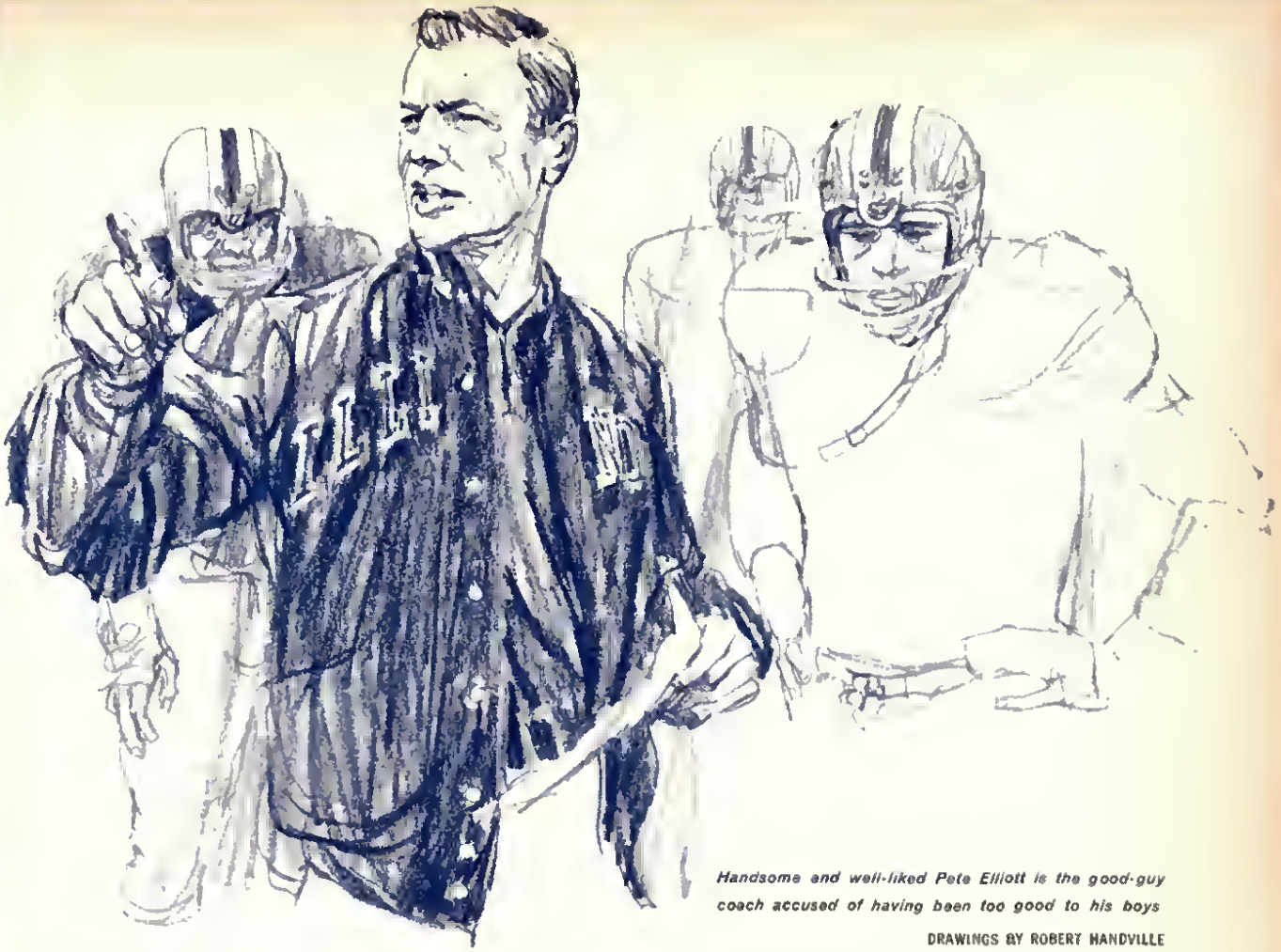
Ordinarily, infractions of this sort are not substantiated by records. Investigators usually rely heavily on circumstantial evidence, concerning which they eventually get only partial and unwilling confessions. The $21,000 that Illinois passed around was hardly "big money" —but its misuse was much too well documented.

Michigan State, by contrast, was accused of paying out a similar amount in a single year, 1953, through the auspices of something called the Spartan Foundation. No books were kept, and part of the money was never accounted for. The school received a mild, one-year probation for what was labeled "improper aid to athletes."

If Illinois, incidentally, got in trouble because it kept too careful an accounting of its slush fund, it may have been recollecting the often-told collegiate tale about a coach who took the fund and left the slush. One of the most widely circulated stories in the football underground is the one about the assistant coach at a certain big school who was in charge of an unaudited payoff fund for needy athletes. As he prepared to depart one day for his own head coaching job, his ex-boss quickly inquired, "Where's the cigar box with the money in it?"

"Money? What money is that?" the assistant replied innocently. Whereupon he left the university, cigar box and all, to begin a brilliant career in another conference.

Virtually every major university with a big-time athletic program has some kind of alumni and booster group like the one at Illinois, one that presents its members as intimate friends of the coaches and top players. They give money, provide summer jobs, hold country-club parties, fly chartered planes and wear loud blazers. Under the rules their donations to the cause are permitted to be used to help defray the increasing cost



Handsome and well-liked Pete Elliott is the good-guy coach accused of having been too good to his boys

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

of big-time collegiate sport. Their money is supposed to pay for buying new movie projectors, redecorating the lettermen's lounge, sending the cheerleaders on trips to the Coast, perhaps even for bonuses to the coaches for a season well done. These groups have nice names—everything from the Monday Morning Quarterbacks to the Go for Twos—and are warmly regarded by university financial officials.

But the University of Illinois did things differently, or at least it seems to have done so with the $21,000. Apparently, all a needy athlete had to do to get a piece of it was to ask Head Football Coach Pete Elliott, Head Basketball Coach Harry Combes or Assistant Basketball Coach Howard Braun. If the coach approved, the player was sent to the "bank"—and some reports have it that the bank was as close as an office down the hall—to pick up cash ranging from a small monthly dole to $50 to repair an automobile or even $400 to help pay for a wife's medical expenses.

Unfortunately, in the background of collegiate athletics there will always be overzealous fans and alumni eager to provide these sums of money, or clothes or a car for a top athlete, and there will always be the athlete who will accept gratuities that go somewhat beyond the tuition, books, board, room and laundry money to which he is entitled on full scholarship. It is an old-fashioned, under-the-table practice that is very difficult for any school, conference or the NCAA to police. It has not gone unnoticed that there are several well-known athletes in the Big Ten—and elsewhere, for that matter—who have not exactly come from royalty but who nevertheless turn up in expensive clothes and driving shiny new automobiles. In fact, the publicity received by Michigan State's All-America defensive end, Bubba Smith—more specifically, the notoriety earned by Bubba and his Buick Riviera—came up at the recent meeting of the athletic directors. Commissioner Reed, in answer to a direct question, said that Bubba had been "thoroughly investigated," and that there was an explanation for his automobile. A Texas car dealer, it seems, is a big fan of Smith's and has told him he can "drive now, pay later." Bubba will pay out of the bonus money that he hopes to receive when he signs with a professional team following the player draft next month.

But a coach who pays an athlete is considered to have committed a far worse crime than that of a zealous booster, especially nowadays in the Big Ten, which would like to look upon itself as setting a national example in sound athletic program procedures.

There are football and basketball coaches who in the past have paid their athletes, and there may be those who do so today, but not many have been *caught*—and none with written evidence of the sort that purports to incriminate Elliott, Combes and Braun at Illinois. The files that were turned over to Commissioner Reed included—neatly noted on ledger paper—the names of the players who

continued



After not being promoted, Brewer resigned.

got the money, the amounts they received, the dates on which they were paid and who donated the money.

Exactly how Illinois President David Henry came into possession of the evidence last December has never been confirmed. It is unlikely, however, that Pete Elliott, Harry Combes or Howard Braun dropped it off one day on their way to the stadium or field house, nor is it probable that All-Americas Dick Butkus and Jim Grabowski came back to volunteer statements about it.

What is likely is that Doug Mills's retirement after 25 years as athletic director created a vacuum, not only at his desk but in the administrative operations under him. Two men were rumored to be in line for the job, Elliott and Brewer. After Elliott was given the post, Brewer resigned. At this point, everything was still O.K. in Champaign-Urbana, Ill., but somewhere in all these letters of resignation addressed to President Henry, and in the attendant confusion, there must have been word of the slush fund. Henry immediately turned the evidence over to Big Ten Commissioner Reed, and, in effect, threw Illinois on the mercy of the court. What he expected in return from the conference athletic directors was a little mercy, but what he got was a surprise.

First of all, it could be reasoned from Henry's point of view, Illinois had always been a comfortable member of the conference, tried and true, one that had never gone around trying to disturb others. It had taken its winless seasons in stride, had never built a so-called dynasty in either football or basketball that anyone would want to destroy. Pete Elliott is a handsome, friendly, extremely popular coach, and only the third head football coach (with Bob Zuppke and Ray Eliot) the university has had in more than 50 years. Everybody likes Pete, which is one of the cruel ironies of the situation. At the same time, Harry Combes is a likeable, easy-going basketball coach whose teams haven't won a conference championship since 1951. In general, Illinois was considered a worthy, rarely-to-be-feared member of the conference. It was one of the "clean group"—right in there with Michigan, Minnesota, Northwestern and Wisconsin.

The trouble in recent years had always come from elsewhere—and far too frequently to suit Big Ten educators. Woody Hayes got Ohio State a reprimand in 1956 for a little "personal loan" fund he had set up for his talent. Biggie Munn and Duffy Daugherty had gotten Michigan State on probation for providing the excessive niceties for its athletes in 1953, and there were further difficulties at East Lansing in 1964, but the school was permitted to handle that problem itself. Purdue had been tainted. And poor Indiana. In both 1957 and 1960 it had almost been banished from the conference for an assortment of crimes.

Precisely because of these misdeeds on the part of other members, Illinois—after blowing the whistle on itself—had blithely expected its violation to be treated benevolently by the athletic directors when they met to consider the case last week in Chicago. But the Illini promptly got that second jolt—one that did as much as the original disclosure to point up the evils that lurk in collegiate athletics. Reportedly by a unanimous (Illinois abstaining) vote, and after fairly brief debate, the athletic directors, including ex-offenders Biggie Munn and Forest Evashevski, called for Illinois to fire Elliott, Combes and Braun or "show cause" why the university should not be suspended or dropped from Big Ten membership. Pow, whack, thump.

To Illinois it seemed like a cruel and unjust punishment, far too severe for the crime, especially since it was a decision agreed upon by a few men who had been



Basketball Coaches Combes (left) and Braun face firing with Elliott for their share of slush.

guilty of infractions themselves and had suffered considerably less indignity as a result.

The institution was outraged. President Henry announced the university would appeal, friends of the coaches began circulating a petition in the hope of pressuring the school into keeping them regardless of the consequences and the athletes at Illinois expressed bewilderment that somebody should think they had done anything wrong in the first place.

"It's just too harsh," said President Henry.

"Our crime was getting caught," said a longtime Illini booster. "We haven't done anything that the others aren't doing," he added, presenting the worst argument possible.

Freshman basketball player Steve Spanich, who has since transferred to Quincy (Ill.) College said, "We didn't know anything about a slush fund. We were told the money we got was legal. We were given jobs by sponsors assigned to us, and we felt the payment we got was for the work we did."

A total of 12 athletes had been quickly suspended from the teams by the university, five from basketball and seven from football. The football players have never been identified by the school, a fact that has angered Basketball Coach Combes. The basketball players were named, perhaps because their absence from the field-house floor would have marked them anyhow. They included stars Rich Jones and Ron Dunlap, who were talented enough to have made Illinois a Big Ten championship contender this season.

Despite the fact that Illinois could lay some strong claims for leniency in its defense—its clean record, its respected coaches, the fact that the school exposed its own scandal—something far more valuable than a single university's image or the future of three men seemed to be at stake in the context of the times. Simply this: the image of collegiate sport and the determination of the people who govern it to keep it as clean as possible.

Thus in the Big Ten last week, as the conference fretted over what would be a fitting punitive action against Illinois, the university was not getting all of the sympathy it no doubt thought it would. "The one thing you should not overlook," said a man at Ohio State, "is that two years after the slush fund started Illinois won



Big Ten's Reed handles hearings and probe.

the Big Ten championship and went to the Rose Bowl."

At Minnesota one of the coaches said, "I like the Illinois coaches and feel sorry for them, but they knew exactly what they were doing. It's all right there in the rule book. So how can you let them get away with it?"

Most of the coaches around the conference refused to be quoted because they felt that the Illinois members of their clan had simply been trapped by the pressures of the day. One who had definite ideas about it, however, was Basketball Coach Fred Taylor at Ohio State, who had little brief for either payer or payee.

"For one thing, I'd like to see the kids who take excess money get rapped for a change," said Taylor. "You can't tell me kids don't know what they're permitted to receive. A kid has to be pretty naive not to know he's doing something wrong. I didn't cheat to get Jerry Lucas, and I'm certainly not going to for some hamburger. The salvation of the whole intercollegiate program rests with school control. We're always under severe scrutiny at Ohio State by our own faculty—and because of the league rules."

Then he added a sentence that really explained why Illinois is in serious trouble for doing in a fairly small way what others have been virtually excused for doing in a big way. The Big Ten is tired of handing out punishments that failed to stop violations of its athletic code. It now has written rules that are strict, and plain as an off-tackle slant. "If we break a rule," said Fred Taylor, "we're through, and we know it."

That, apparently, is what the athletic directors felt when they told Illinois to fire its three coaches. Then they turned the entire matter over to a board made up of one faculty representative from each Big Ten school, which is hearing the Illinois appeal for clemency this week.

Regardless of Illinois' future, or that of Coaches Elliott, Combes and Braun, the Big Ten was certain to continue to struggle with the real element that created the scandal in the first place—the *need* to win. The conference has placed limitations on scholarships (30 a year for football), eliminated red-shirting and raised its academic standards, all in the recent past. It wants academics to lead the way and keep firm control of sports, but not with too great a loss in athletic prestige.

If such a world can ever be attained without slush funds, it will be a brave new world indeed. **END**



President Henry feels that clemency is due.

DEMOLITION RUN AT DAYTONA

Everybody but Mario Andretti seemed in a big hurry to smash something in Daytona's 500-mile stock-car race. With competitors failing all about him, the Indianapolis star guided his Ford to a swift, sweet win

by KIM CHAPIN



Andretti climbs out the window of his winning Ford. Door is bolted shut as a safety measure.

The night before Sunday's Daytona 500-mile stock-car race, Chrysler racing boss Ronnie Householder took a long sip on an after-dinner drink and began to doodle. "If Richard Petty loses tomorrow," he said, "it'll be because of a six-inch piece of wire on his Plymouth. Fred Lorenzen is smart, but it's very, very easy to outthink yourself in this game. Davey Pearson might lose because he thinks 2 and 2 is 5. Hell, you know something? If you do this long enough you can find reasons why *nobody* should even show up at the starting line tomorrow."

He wasn't far wrong. When the checkered flag fell Sunday it was for Mario Andretti, the Indy 500 refugee from Nazareth, Pa. who led his Ford teammate, Lorenzen, across the finish line. They were the survivors of a demolition derby that knocked out every other major contender for the $43,500 first prize in stock-car racing's biggest event.

Trial runs leading up to the 500 produced an ususual number of favorites—a dozen or more—and confirmed a grease-stained gentleman named Henry (Smokey) Yunick in his role as Daytona's resident devil. Yunick is generally conceded to be the sport's outstanding mechanic. For more than a decade no one has prepared faster racing cars for Daytona, and this knack has caused some of his opponents to imagine that he concocts a witch's broth for his gas tanks and gets more horsepower from his engines than God or the NASCAR rule book ever intended.

Yunick, who wears a cowboy hat, cowboy boots and a big cigar, advertises his shop as "The Best Damn Garage in Town." Generally he doesn't give a damn what people think, but last week he was a little sore because people were being extra suspicious. Yunick's Chevrolet Chevelle qualified on the pole, at a record speed of 180.831 mph, and was not even a factory entry.

Where Ford Motor Company and the Chrysler Corporation had openly backed

a wave of Fords and Mercurys, Plymouths and Dodges, General Motors was sticking to its policy of not participating in racing. Racing men who remembered Smokey's close association with GM when the Detroit giant *was* on the tracks, have had an extremely difficult time ridding themselves of the suspicion that there is an underground railway between Chevy's technical eggheads and Smokey's Daytona establishment.

And so the powerful and lavishly financed Ford and Chrysler teams spent a good part of the week grumbling about Smokey and professing amazement at the speeds run by his driver, the old hardboot, Curtis Turner.

"That's a factory car," groused Householder, who could count Defending Champion Petty, Tiny Lund, Pearson, and Paul Goldsmith among his talented drivers. "Why, every time the Chevelle goes tire-testing there are three or four young men out there who look like they just walked out of the General Motors Building in Detroit. Every now and then we recognize one of them."

John Holman, who had prepared the Fords that finished one-two and had supplied his sophisticated racing hardware to other Ford entrants, felt no kindlier. "I went up to Henry," he said, "and put the needle in him pretty good. What did I say? Well, you might say it was in the nature of a private conversation. But Henry and I, we've been kidding each other in this game for 10 years now, and he's usually pretty cool. I've rarely seen him mad. But this time he turned positively purple. His face quivered, and he cussed at me. The next day, after I managed to get near him, I apologized for suggesting that maybe his car wasn't legal in every little way."

Perhaps Holman could be excused for his touch of pique. Besides Ford's top stock cars in the 500, he was in charge of its J-Car testing program, which went on nearly every night at the speedway for two weeks. The J-Car is the successor to the Mark II, the sports car that was so soundly thrashed by Ferrari at Daytona in early February. Last Friday the testing ended abruptly when the car went into a spin, sending it and Driver Bruce McLaren near the track's wall.

The panic caused by Turner's early speed did not recede until the last few days of trials, when other cars began crowding the 180-mph barrier. By that time it was too late to take the pole position from Turner, but five other drivers broke 180, and the fastest of all was Andretti, who turned a remarkable lap at 182.8 on Thursday.

Musing the following day on the year's sensational speeds, Andretti said, "Anybody going that fast in these cars has got to be cheating."

"But Mario," someone said, "there's nobody faster than you."

"Yeah, I know," Andretti smiled. "I'm cheating a little myself."

It was all good, clean fun, more or less, and the only cries of real anguish came from drivers and mechanics who heard things along the grapevine—mostly things about some subtle cutting and welding to improve aerodynamic qualities that they wished they had thought of themselves.

Two 100-mile races run on Friday foretold Sunday's Ford sweep and underlined one of the reasons why the Dearborn cars would be especially formidable. That reason was better gas mileage. Winning the second 100-miler, Lorenzen was the only driver to finish without a stop for fuel. While he made a big show of appearing to run out of gas and coast over the finish line, there was only space for 19.6 gallons in his 22-gallon tank when he had it refilled.

Said Chrysler's Householder: "I don't feel real confident like I did in 1964 and 1966 when we swept everything. We've got the drivers, the horsepower and the staying power, but Ford does have the economy. We'll probably have to make one more pit stop than they will. That could make a difference."

More decisive, though, was the toll that sheer speed took. Almost immediately after *Grand Ole Opry* Star Roy Drusky sang *Swanee River* and the race began, the pattern for the afternoon was established. Eight or 10 cars rode in a pack at the head of the field, and several laps of over 180 mph were run by the leaders. But almost as if a sniper was picking them off, the top drivers started falling out one by one.

First to go was Paul Goldsmith, who got caught in a violent current of air on lap 42 of the 200-lap race, got sideways on the banking and slid first toward the infield, then back across the track toward the outside guard rail. Behind him, Cale Yarborough went low to avoid a collision, hit the level part of the track, broke his suspension and retired. Goldsmith continued for another 133 laps but from the time of that early slide was never again among the leaders.

Dick Hutcherson's Ford went next, four laps later, when he ran over some shrapnel on the course, blew a tire and slammed the wall. In between those accidents, the clutch of A. J. Foyt's Ford failed. Then on lap 48 Petty began falling back with a twisted suspension.

As the plague spread, Lee Roy Yarbrough, another front-runner, blew the engine of his Ford on the 71st lap. Buddy Baker did the same in a Dodge on the 120th. Turner, who had driven a magnificent race and had held the lead, saw his engine fall apart on 143, and Pearson lost *his* 16 laps later.

That left Andretti, who wasn't supposed to be around that long, and Lorenzen, who was, to fight it out to the finish. Andretti had been at or near the lead for most of the race; Lorenzen's plan was to lay back and make his run during the last part of it. When both he and Andretti pitted for the last time, just 37 laps from the finish, it seemed certain that the race would fall into Lorenzen's lap. In fact, he led the 164th through the 167th laps before Andretti shot past him on 168.

Then a strange thing happened. Lorenzen fell back into a pack with Tiny Lund's Plymouth and Darel Dieringer's Ford and, try as he might, he never was able to shake those two. Andretti's lead, which had never been more than a few tenuous car lengths, suddenly widened to 2.5 seconds, then to seven seconds, and it was clear that Lorenzen could not catch Mario. There was a brief suspicion of collusion, but Ralph Moody, Holman's partner, said no. "These guys run for the money and the glory," he said. "In a situation like that, they are completely on their own."

Andretti's one seeming error turned out luckily. He didn't come in for his first pit stop—for fuel—until the 42nd lap, which was about 10 miles farther than a car is supposed to be able to go on a tank of gas. When he did finally heed the frantic beckonings of his crew, Goldsmith's spin brought out the caution flag, which saved Mario a lap on the field. Had it not been for the yellow flag, Lorenzen, or even Lund, might have been the winner. "The good Lord was watching after that guy," said Lund, "and it cost me a few bucks."

Funny thing, though. John Holman had not a single complaint. **END**

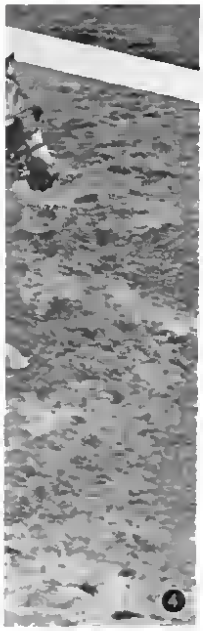

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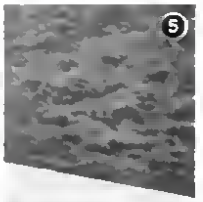

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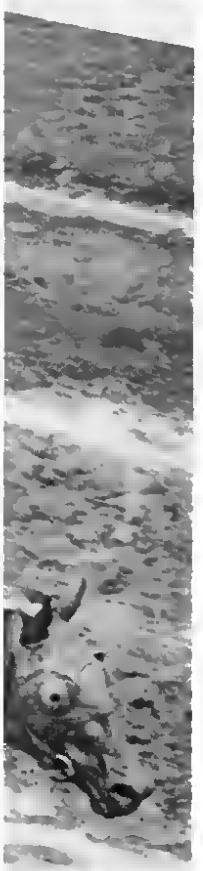

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DERBY TIP: LOOK FOR A COLT BACK IN THE BARN

by WHITNEY TOWER

Racegoers who believe that a wide-open 3-year-old season creates more interest than one dominated by one or two standouts are discovering that 1967 may be just their sort of year. After the first two months of racing, and on the eve of this week's Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah and the Santa Anita Derby, no stable can claim the favorite for the Triple Crown races ahead. If there is a real champion around, he has done a good job of hiding his talent in the barn.

In the East, at least until Successor repeats his 2-year-old form of last fall, the top colt is Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Reflected Glory (*left, winning last week's Everglades Stakes at Hialeah*). At Santa Anita the best could be any one of a group including Rising Market, Ruken, Top Bid, Tumble Wind, Sand Devil, Serve Notice and Dr. Isby. Now that a series of preps at varying distances and at handicap weights has been concluded, this week's equal-weight, mile-and-an-eighth races on both coasts may bring forth new candidates.

As the pictures opposite clearly show, winning the Everglades was no picnic for Reflected Glory. He came from last place in the 15-horse field to overtake Ask The Fare and Gentleman James in the stretch and win by one length. Bothered by shin troubles for most of last year, Reflected Glory managed to win only three of 10 starts and the meager sum of $17,410. But this season, after a sluggish effort in his first race, in which he finished fifth, he beat Bold Hour by a neck to win the seven-furlong Bahamas. Then came the Everglades at the Flamingo distance of nine furlongs. He ran it in 1:49 2/5—faster than the winning times credited to Tim Tam, First Landing, Carry Back and Roman Brother.

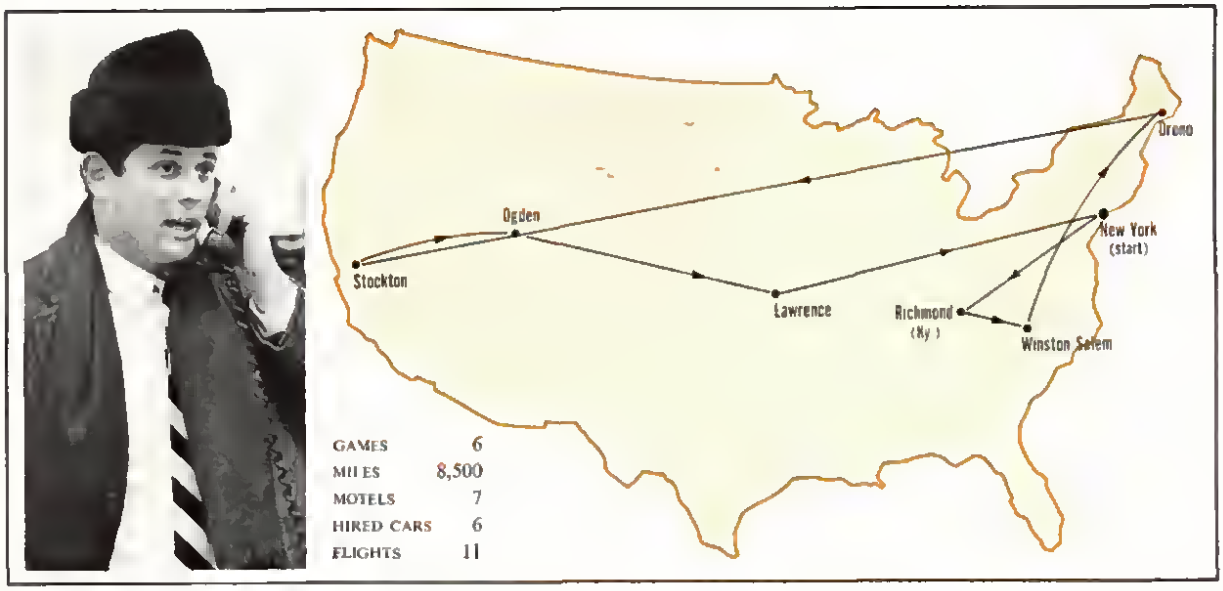
Two days before the Everglades, the seven-furlong Florida Breeders' Handicap was won by Phil Godfrey's Biller, a speed-bred colt who finished half a length in front of In Reality. But the latter was carrying top weight of 130 pounds, whereas Biller got in with 117—probably an unfair spread at this time of the year. In Reality was the best horse and should make it rough for Reflected Glory at level weight this week. One colt who may make it rough for the whole crop by the time of the April 1st Florida Derby is John Olin's King Buck, who recently won over seven furlongs by 12 lengths in 1:22 4/5.

Last week's San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita turned out to be one of the roughest races of the winter, and the result may therefore be inconclusive. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Martin's Rising Market led nearly all the way and lasted by a nose over Lou Rowan's Ruken, while Field Master was only a neck behind and a nose in front of Top Bid in a four-horse photo. Favorite Tumble Wind, bumped at the start, bumped again in the first turn and carried wide in the stretch, had some excuse for finishing eighth among the 13 starters. Wheatley Stable's Disciplinarian, who wound up ninth, was the culprit in all this. He had caused Dr. Isby to bump into Tumble Wind at the break. Then, while they were running second at the 16th pole, Jockey Don Pierce took him out to avoid running up on Rising Market's heels, and caused a squeeze that all but forced Ruken to go down. But Ruken drove on determinedly. He acted as if the added 16th of the Santa Anita Derby would suit him just fine. **END**

Coming from dead last in the 15-horse Everglades field at Hialeah, Reflected Glory (No. 2) gallantly overtook Ask The Fare (No. 3) and Gentleman James in the last few yards to win by a length.

Is it the same game in Orono, Me. and Stockton, Calif.? Can Kansas or Western Kentucky win the national championship? How good is Winston-Salem's Earl Monroe, college basketball's top scorer? To find answers to these and other questions, Frank Deford (below) traveled 8,500 miles in six days. His report follows.

IN SEARCH OF NAISMITH'S GAME



Richmond, Ky., Feb 20

The week began in Richmond. The game was Eastern Kentucky vs. Western Kentucky, and you can't get any more Kentucky than that. I had driven there through a cold drizzle, Interstate all the way, from Lexington. Wherever I go in what is called the heartland of America, I am told not to fret because "there is Interstate all the way." I have heard this so often that I am convinced that if the road to hell were made Interstate before heaven became that accessible, most Midwest Americans would gas up and join the devil.

Richmond, Ky., Interstate all the way, is where the Bluegrass meets the foothills of the Cumberlands. It is an unassuming little county seat, with high TV roof aerials, an abandoned movie theater, the Helpy Selfy Launderette and a colonial courthouse with the posted admonition: "Do not talk to prisoners through windows." Eastern, which just gained university status, lies at the edge of town. It has suddenly exploded to 8,000 students and has a 21-story men's dormitory under construction. Western is in the same family way. They both began in 1906 as the Eastern and Western Kentucky State Normal schools, and they have been playing each other almost since that time. Western is ahead 75–29 in the series now, and beats most others in the Ohio Valley Conference even more regularly.

It used to be that in basketball the national anthem was a simple prelude to the action. But, as Eastern showed, an anthem now is approached with all the organized fanfare of a 1930's Dick Powell musical. First there was a drill team, chucking each other rifles and banging them, and at one point screaming "Kill" in unison. Then, marching, came 21 of the school's best-looking coeds, a regular beauty battalion. A gorgeous, long-stemmed blonde named Suzie Donoghue barked the orders. Then there was an honor guard, and finally, a rather anticlimactic anthem.

Western had beaten Eastern 112–71 earlier in Bowling Green, but now, before the packed home crowd, Eastern hung on almost to the end before losing 71–62. The Hilltoppers' Smith brothers —Dwight and Greg—made the difference. In the locker room, having won another OVC title, Coach John Oldham sought out his starters and then, one by one, embraced them.

E. A. Diddle, the old man who coached Western from 1923 to 1964 and won 754 games all over America, came in to see his boys. Uncle Ed was still carrying one of his famous red towels and his red tie had COACH emblazoned on it. "Look here, coach," Oldham said, turning Diddle's cheek. "Why, you've got some lipstick on."

"Sure I do," Uncle Ed said proudly, as happy as if this team were still all his. "Now you go right out there, Coach Oldham, and get your own sugar."

Winston-Salem, N.C., Feb. 21

There was some snow in Dixie this morning, but the plane took off and chopped me over the Alleghenies—it is never "bumpy" any more on planes, just "choppy"—into the Piedmont, to Win-

ston-Salem, N.C. The State College there has a student body almost all Negro, and the entire team is colored. This gave me the opportunity to witness a basketball phenomenon—Negro players sitting on the bench. The way it is these days, a Negro is offered a scholarship only if he is certain to be a star, and the white boys sit on the bench. Those Negro players who are only just as good as white boys never get out of the playgrounds.

Earl Monroe, 6′ 3″ and a loose-jointed 182 pounds, came into the office of his coach, C. E. (Bighouse) Gaines. Earl will graduate in June with a major in elementary education and a minor in English. He is averaging almost 44 points a game with an undefeated team from a school that has only 400 male students. The pro scouts have all come down to scrutinize him, and the local kids have made him a hero. Earl smiles sheepishly as he talks about four years ago, when he did not want to go on to college from John Bartram High in South Philly, preferring to scuffle by as a shipping clerk at $60 a week. Luckily, his mother and a Winston-Salem grad named Leon Whitley kept after him, and a year later Earl finally got to Coach Gaines. Tonight, if he scores 42 points against Livingstone, Monroe will become one of a handful of men in the history of college basketball to score 1,000 points in one season.

The game had been moved from Whitaker Gymnasium to the Coliseum, because all of a sudden a lot of white people in town wanted to see Earl Monroe score points. They came to see him, and they stood for the Winston-Salem alma mater when the collegians rose to sing it. But it was no game, really; the Rams swamped Livingstone 115–77. Earl drove and scrambled on fast breaks, but mostly he just popped them up, freeing himself as adroitly with a screen as by his own one-on-one play. He is for real, and now it was getting close. Swish, swish, swish—30 feet out, 20 feet from the right, and again, just a little closer. Coach Gaines held up a finger. One more point to go. But everybody knew.

Earl got the ball. Impatiently, he fired—and missed. But he got the ball back, and this time he sank it—25 feet from the left. Swish. They stopped the game and gave him the ball. Afterward,

continued



RECORD-SETTER Earl Monroe gets ball with which he made 1,000th point of season.

after he had gotten his 53 with an average sort of Earl Monroe game (23–46 from the floor, nine assists, 10 rebounds), he started to hold his left wrist and grimace. He had fallen on it early in the game, and it might have been sprained or even broken long before he became one of the few to hit 1,000 points in a season.

Orono, Me., Feb. 22

Now my trip turned into real live *saga* stuff. I had to go from Winston-Salem to Orono, Me. to Stockton, Calif. in 32 hours. I told myself I must be the first man ever to try that. I was a trailblazer of the skies. Turn on the lights, Perth, Australia.

It was somewhat disillusioning, then, to find that it was warmer in Orono than it had been in Winston-Salem. But this was quickly balanced by delight in the fact that it had snowed six inches the day before and was to snow 15 inches more only hours after I left. Why, I was toying with the weather; I was alone with General Eisenhower, fearlessly selecting June 6, and finding the one day of respite from nature's wrath. As I escaped at the next dawn for California, I looked back smugly at the onrushing blizzard. You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man.

Still, yesterday's snow covered Orono, and the fraternity boys were all out working on ice sculpture for their winter carnival, The Schussboomer. Certainly, few were present to sing *The Stein Song* and see the Black Bears beat Colby 88–80 and clinch the Maine Intercollegiate title. The real crowds were over in Bangor at the high school tournament. Maine, like the nation, is mad for basketball. Through the long winter nights in all the tiny towns that have, perhaps, five male students—all related, all players—there is little else of interest but the snow and the only game in town. The university, however, offers no athletic scholarships and the good Mainers go south to play. Four of the top six Bear scorers are 6 feet or less. Colby was hardly bigger. To suddenly encounter a game where there was no goaltending or even the likelihood of it was strange indeed.

There was something else this game demonstrated, something usually so apparent that it is overlooked—the effect of the home crowd. This one, issuing hardly a murmur, was of no consequence until Captain Terry Carr, a dean's list engineering student who is generally recognized as the best bridge player on campus, broke a 66–66 tie with a three-point play that gave him his 1,000th career point. Suddenly, the fans stirred. They rose and cheered, roaring with a whole new spirit that seemed to carry the team with them. In an instant it was 73–66, and Maine was never again headed.

Stockton, Calif., Feb. 23

My body clocks all disoriented, I was driving through the warm passes of the San Joaquin Valley toward the University of the Pacific. Stockton lies midway between the vineyards of Lodi and the chicken country of Modesto, but the town is not immediately suggestive of champagne and eggs benedict. The Pacific campus is lovely, but I left it to go downtown and commiserate with that saddest form of basketball life, the visiting coach. In this case it was John Arndt of Loyola of Los Angeles, who is one of the warmest and wittiest men in his profession. He was found nude, shaving in his motel bathroom.

Arndt must mind his cosmetics. In the

continued



SINKING A LAYUP here, Maine's Terry Carr later hit 1,000th point of his career.

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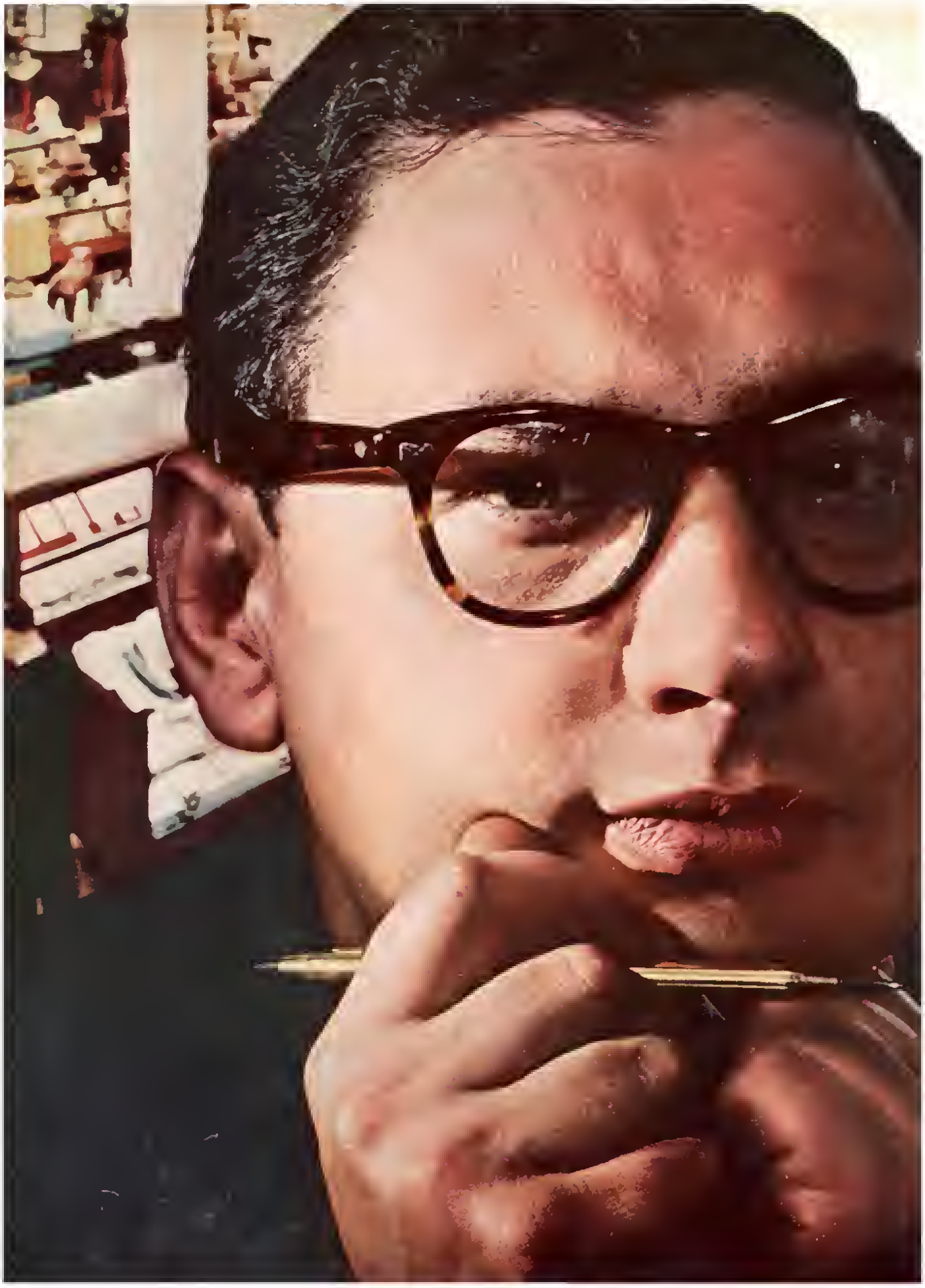
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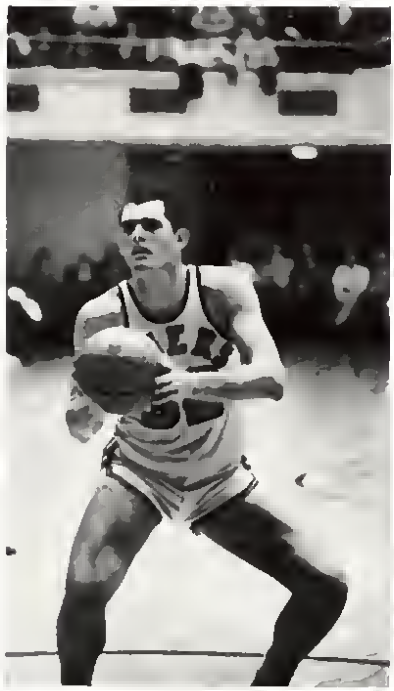
off season he is a TV bit player—usually a gangster or an Indian, though more recently he has moved into the space field, in such things as *Star Trek*. Arndt emerged a few minutes later, fit to be killed, in a tender-green sports coat. "The only two things in my life that I haven't kept track of," he said, "are the number of basketball games I've seen and the number of times I've been killed on TV."

The end was swift for Arndt that night, too, as his Lions shot themselves out of the game by hitting only 28% in the first half. The win all but clinched a second straight WCAC title for Pacific. It used to be that California basketball concentrated almost exclusively on the principles of defense and ball control. The California pattern game was as distinct as other regional brands of play a few years ago. This trip showed that such local differences have largely vanished. Referees' interpretations seem to vary more by geography than playing styles. (Reactions to referees' decisions are still boorish and unimaginative everywhere.)

Except for Guard David Fox, Pacific is a slow, heavy-legged team—*physical* in the sweaty vernacular. The star is Keith Swagerty, who seems as much a throwback to another era as the Stockton Civic Auditorium, which was, presumably, fashioned out of leftover spare parts from various old Loew's movie theaters. Swagerty is 6′ 7″, 235, with a butch haircut, orange-striped socks that droop about his shoes, and shorts that bunch up. At first sight, all the experts pooh-pooh Swagerty. What everybody wants today is guys who can jump. Jumpers, in fact, are not good enough. They went out of vogue in favor of "leapers," who, in turn, have been superseded by the ultimate—players who can "climb glass." All Swagerty does is get the ball—32 times against Loyola, 21 in the first half when all the Lions together grabbed only 18 rebounds. Swagerty also made 27 points, enough for him to break Bill Russell's career scoring record for the conference.

Ogden, Utah, Feb. 24

The tournaments bids, NCAA and NIT, had been offered the day before. Nobody invited anybody in the Big Sky Conference. Nobody ever does. It is the newest large-college league in the NCAA, but the NCAA seems embarrassed about it. The best Sky team has been Weber State, 16-5 so far, and still in the running for another title. Maybe, Coach Dick Motta thinks, maybe the NIT will still call. But he doesn't really think so: "They're a profit tournament. Who's ever heard of us?" The trouble with Weber State is that when people do hear of it, they still don't *know* it. Weber is pronounced Weeber, the result, as close as can be ascertained, of a couple of Indian scouts who were sadly unproficient at



MUSCLEMAN Keith Swagerty of Pacific broke Bill Russell's league scoring record.

both spelling and pronouncing "Weaver." Believe me, that's all of that story you want to hear.

Weber/Weeber is in Ogden, Utah, the Golden Spike Empire. This is not because of vampires, but because the first transcontinental railroad tracks were linked nearby. Only five years ago the school was a junior college, but now it has 8,000 students and a basketball team recruited from junior colleges all over the country. This is the way you "build a basketball program"; top high school players rarely take a chance on a new school. Motta has personally contacted every junior college in the country—all 536 of them.

He started to talk about the ability of some of his players but suddenly stopped himself. "Oh, what's the use?" he sighed. "It's getting so that we don't talk about ourselves much anymore. You know, nobody believes us anyway. And these kids we're trying to recruit, what will they say when they find out the Big Sky got turned down again? Oh, it's so frustrating," he went on, attacking a paper clip, "just give us a chance. It's unathletic. And it's . . . it's un-American." He smiled at his own words.

He keeps his good humor, but it is sad that whoever the champion is, it will be the only one in the country with no chance to compete further. Besides, if Weber was a little ragged in beating Montana 96–77 this night, the team showed that it is at least as good as several that have already been tendered bids. The NIT, at the least, could add a Cinderella entry if it would take a chance on the Big Sky champion. I even felt a bit guilty that I was able to leave Ogden, but I had to catch a night flight to Omaha to get a nap there before going on to Kansas. There was one consolation, as stated in my second Canon of Modern Travel: the weirdest scheduled flights have the prettiest stewardesses. The first Canon is: be suspicious of all hostelries that feature vibrating beds, and of all eating establishments that give aliases to hamburgers.

Lawrence, Kans., Feb. 25

Of all schools, considering every facet of basketball, Kansas probably is preeminent and the proper place to end my wandering. Kansas has an overwhelming tradition; it has the coaches, the players, the recruiting, the interest, even the cheerleaders. (Too many schools now select cheerleaders on a political basis—one from each sorority, for instance. There is no more justification for this than there would be for selecting ballplayers by fraternity. Let's keep politics out of cheerleading. Kansas has one man who chooses cheerleaders. He is in the Alumni Office and no one knows why this qualifies him for judging cheerleaders, but he is obviously so able at the task that his job is secure. Kansas cheerleaders are the best in the land, more beautiful even than their closest competition, the girls from several of the California schools. Unfortunately, all of the Californians, every last one, look exactly as if they were trying out for the ingenue role in the latest Frankie Avalon picture.) But now I see time is in again, so let's go back down on the floor.

Kansas, a young team getting better,

continued

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had no contest this afternoon in slaughtering Missouri 90–55. The game served mostly as a showcase for the talents of Jo Jo White, a great player who is terribly underrated because, I presume, he does not score enough but only passes, rebounds, guards the opposition's best and generally runs the game. The most responsible judgment of White came from a pro scout who told me: "Besides Alcindor, Jo Jo is the only sophomore in the country who could play in the NBA right now."

Another man there was marveling over Jo Jo White. He is 81—six years older than the game itself. He coached Adolph Rupp, and *his* coach was Dr. James Naismith, who invented the sport. (Dr. Naismith was also the only losing coach Kansas has ever had, a case of "Physician, heal thyself" if I ever heard one.) Dr. Forrest (Phog) Allen sat and talked about basketball this afternoon, there in the field house named for him, and he talked about how even from the first the game was always a little ahead of the people around it. "I told Jim Naismith," Dr. Allen said—and immediately I was lost. *Jim* Naismith! It was as if he had said: "So I told Jim Monroe, now about this Doctrine . . ."

"I told Jim Naismith," Dr. Allen said, "that I was going to be a coach, and he said, 'You don't coach this game, Forrest, you just play it.' And I said, 'Well, you can teach them to pass at angles and run in curves.'" Dr. Allen smiled through crisp blue eyes and, with a sprinkling of Scripture, he amplified that for me. "All through the land," he said, "no matter how small the town, a basketball gym became like a city hall, like a community meeting place. That's part of it, and the game. It's artistic, fast and clever. It has action and scoring. That's what people want. And then there's the emotion. There's so much that I don't think people can ever appreciate it in the right way. There's just so much emotion."

Once, Dr. Allen asked Dr. Naismith what *he* thought of it all. "The appeal of basketball," Dr. Naismith said, "is that it is a game easy to play, but difficult to master."

"You mean," Dr. Allen replied, "just like life?"

"Yes, anybody can piddle at it, but to master it—yes, just like life, Forrest," is what Jim Naismith said. I wondered if he would have stayed for the freshman game. It was just ready to begin. **END**



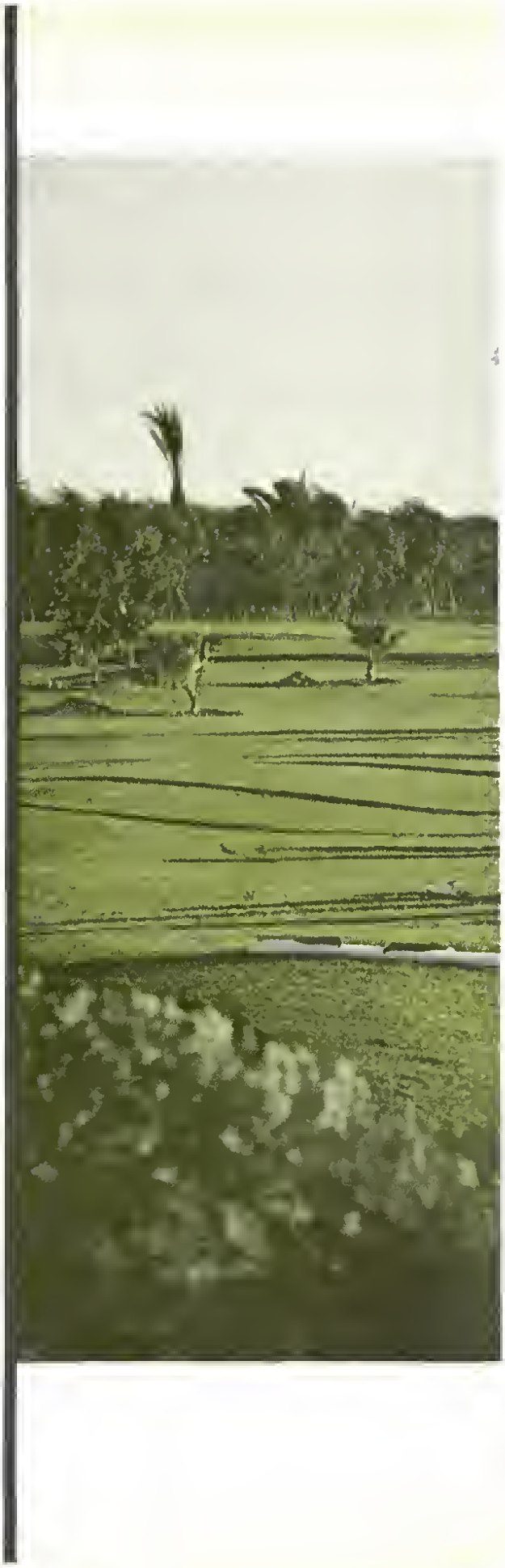
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THE SIREN SONG OF SOTOGRANDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST HAAS

A resort may begin with little more than the lure of the sunlit sea—a glitter that draws the traveler and developer in equal measure. But if it is to be located on the crowded shores of the Costa del Sol, and if it is to attract those who loathe Cannes and despise Torremolinos, it needs more than the Mediterranean to make it sparkle. An investment of $10 million must be made, a huge piece of land purchased, the most famous golf architect commissioned and an internationally famed hotelier put in command. When all that is done, and Windsors come to commune with Fords, and Biddles build $1 million homes—suddenly, there is Sotogrande.



Gibraltar looms on the horizon as Sotogrande guests finish off the day on the clubhouse driving range. The course was designed by America's Robert Trent Jones.



BY LIZ SMITH

Sotogrande, the golf-resort colony that is being built on Spain's Costa del Sol, is like nothing Western Europe has ever seen before, so staggering in its quiet elegance that one international visitor, accustomed to the backward rhythms of Spain, looked around the resort's 3,200 lush green acres by the sea and murmured, "What hath golf wrought?"

Gibraltar looms on the horizon as the golfer plays in a rolling valley on 6,947 yards of green velvet, handsomely outlined by rustic stone fences. The course, designed by Robert Trent Jones, has been cut through a forest of gnarled cork trees. The golfer winds from tee-off at the low-slung Andalusian Club de Golf—glistening white in its sprinkler-fed landscape near the Mediterranean—inland toward the rugged foothills of the Sierra Almenara. The sand traps are filled with glittering marble dust, and the grasses are the hybrid Bermudas never used in Europe before. All along the course extravagant villas are springing up, with views that stretch to the Atlas Mountains of North Africa across the Strait of Gibraltar.

Sotogrande is one of the latest and lushest examples of the siren syndrome in real-estate development: build a magnificent recreation facility and then sell the land around it—for a high-priced song. In the next 20 years the resort will swell to a town of luxury homes and deluxe apartments, super-markets and shops.

Careful planning will avoid the plague of high-rise hotels crowded down at the shore Miami Beach or Puerto Rico style. In time a community of 2,000 families will buy, build and live within Sotogrande's vast acreage. The chalets and *cortijos* already being created around the golf course boast unsullied views, with as much privacy and natural landscaping as possible. Diplomat Nicholas Biddle's $1 million home, designed by Javier Carvajal, who created the Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair, is a series of dramatic, wide-open spaces under Moorish arches. The property alone cost $160,000.

England's Edward VII once remarked, "I go to Maxim's because, though everybody knows who I am, nobody recognizes me." A man who sympathizes with this point of view is Sotogrande's creator, Joseph R. McMicking. McMicking, however, is quick to discount the idea that Sotogrande might better be spelled Sotogrande, or that it is a snobbish private preserve for the rich. "Sooner or later the





Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe wields a cape at a "tienta," at which the guests fought young cows. Another guest tries his hand at croquet on club's Tifton grass court.

Costa del Sol is going to be mobbed," says McMicking, "but Sotogrande will be an island of order in the chaos."

McMicking insists that a middle-income family can find happiness at Sotogrande. Says he, "Deluxe condominium apartments will cost $30,000. It will be nice to have a professor from Oxford around here to visit with some celebrity like General Lucius Clay. They contribute to each other's enjoyment. To have a Sotogrande based on money would be the most horrible society I can imagine. It was first suggested that only landowners could join the Club de Golf. I said, 'That's crazy.' A club is a thing people join because they are friends, or potential friends." (The Club de Golf is only open to guests who belong to other recognized golf clubs. The tennis club, however, nearly as posh, is public and its guests may use all Sotogrande's sporting facilities.)

McMicking is the sort of man whose highly varied and complicated career is often dismissed with "but that's another story." His history is that, indeed. A tall, well-tailored, balding man with a close-cropped almost transparent mustache and dancing brown eyes, McMicking resembles nothing so much as your favorite debonair character actor.

In a lifetime of being where the headlines are, he has assiduously avoided publicity. "I am Scotch—with lots of water," he likes to joke. Born in the Philippines, where his grandfather created the municipal transit system, he was educated in California at Stanford. One of 12 officers who made the dash by PT boat with General MacArthur from Corregidor to Australia, McMicking became an intelligence officer on MacArthur's staff, and when the war ended he retired with the rank of colonel.

He has indulged in such diversities as supporting an agricultural college run by Jesuits in the Philippines and helping arrange Stanford's cultural summer festivals. His most talked-about venture, however, was the backing of a small electronics firm that started with 27 employees. It turned into Ampex. He also built the well-known satellite city, Forbes Park, in Manila. Four years ago McMicking joined forces with a group of friends, including the vice-chairman of the largest shipbuilding company in Spain and a retired army general, to organize Financiera Sotogrande.

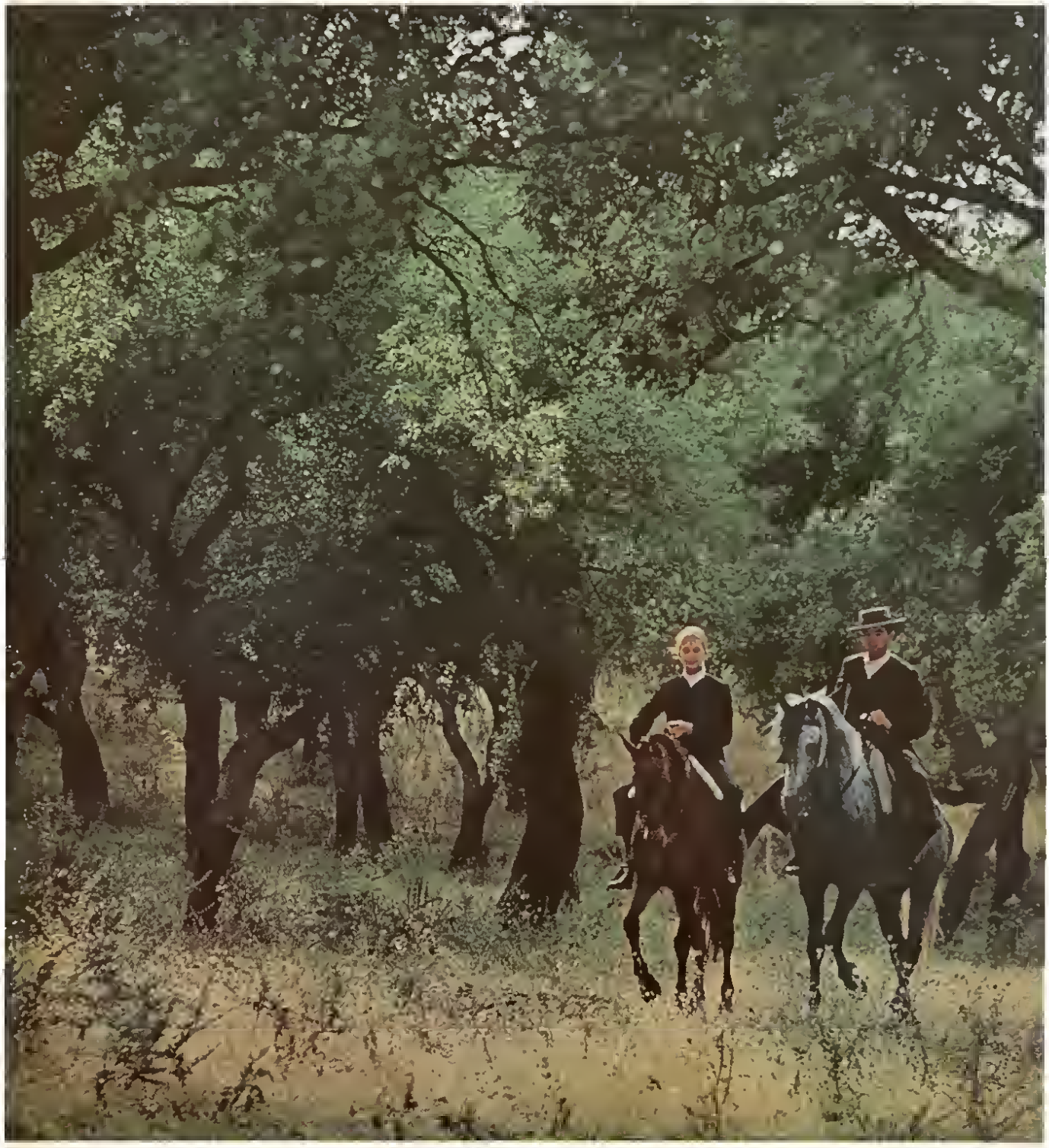
"After my first visit, in 1936, I was always interested in Spain," he says. "You must remember, my wife is Spanish. But it was not until 1960 that I did anything about my interest. Then my brother-in-law, Fred Melián, had a leave coming from his work in the Philippines, so I told him to take extra time, drive around Spain and look for an investment—any kind. We bought the land at Sotogrande without having seen it, like a pig in a poke. Paid $750,000 down and had to pay another third in six months and the rest in a year.

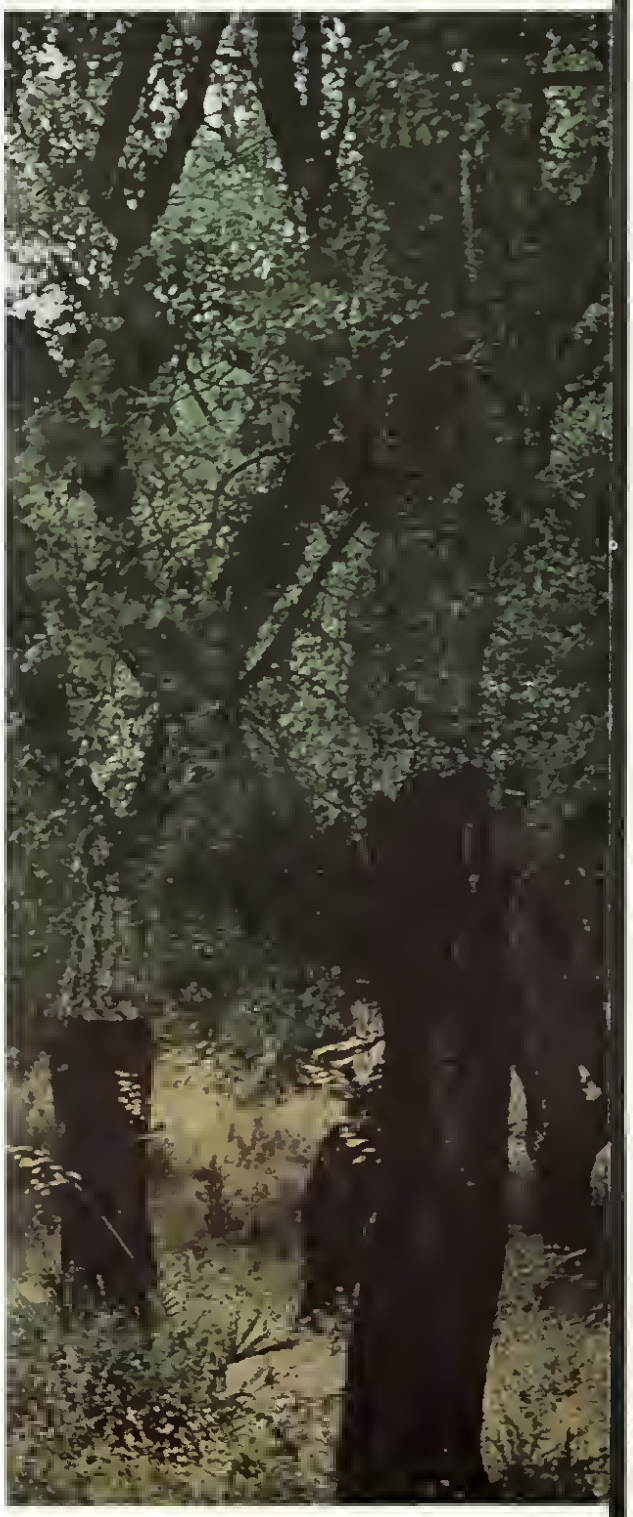
"A foreigner isn't permitted to buy land in Spain without the military's permission, so we took a three-quarter-of-a-million-dollar gamble, not knowing if we could get an okay to hang in there. We finally managed it." McMicking relishes the story of Sotogrande's beginning. He is a warm, knowledgeable man. A little shy, he usually prefaces his sentences with a modest, slow pause, saying, "Well. . . ."

continued



Mutte Domecq, of Spain's sherry-making and bull-breeding family, takes the sun with friends on the coarse pepper-and-salt sand of Sotogrande's mile-long beach.





But he is eloquent when he draws a diagram of Sotogrande and explains why it is no run-of-the-mill project. "Developing land is like mining coal. When you take out a ton, it's gone. When you sell a piece of land you've developed, it's gone, too. You've made your profit on the sale, and that is a short-term operation. So, generally when folks develop land, they deal with very little capital and 90% bank money. The secret then is to do it quick or the interest will wipe you out. But at Sotogrande we decided not to work on this short-term concept. We predicted what the end result would be in, say, 20 or 25 years. We have a very large community center. As we sell off each piece of land, the value of what is left does not diminish, but remains the same. Why? Because we have the community center. When all the land is sold, the center—essential to all the people at Sotogrande—will still be ours and very valuable. We will have a sort of "captive audience" in the fine people we've sold our land to, so to speak. But, of course, we have to sit around for at least 10 years while this thing matures, like a good Camembert."

The superior things Sotogrande has make the other developers on the Costa del Sol tear their hair. For instance, the major road into Sotogrande, after one turns off the coastal highway to Algeciras, is a wide-lane, landscaped affair. "It is the best road in Spain," says a worker proudly, and after touring the countryside you don't doubt it.

The director at Sotogrande is the most famous lady in the European hotel world—Doña Carmen Guerendiain, who for 16 years made the Ritz in Madrid one of the best hotels anywhere. (When Nick Biddle learned that Doña Carmen had been engaged, he rushed down to Sotogrande and bought property one hour after his arrival.) The $500,000 golf courses, which in any other country would have cost $1.5 million, boast an innovation new to Europe—a pop-up system of 472 automatic sprinklers and 100 miles of underground cable for daily electronic watering of the Tifgreen and Tifway fairways and the Penncross Bent greens. Walking the course, one has the impression of being at Palm Springs or Pebble Beach, except that there are no golf carts. The course offers golf rock-bottom cheap by U.S. standards. Lessons from Francisco (Mike) Lopez, the club pro and a promising Spanish newcomer to international golfing, cost $1.67 a hour. Greens fees are $1.67 ($2.50 on weekends). One of the engaging pre-teen-age Spanish caddies gets $1 a round. These caddies also give lessons, whether the player wants them or not. "Beautiful" is the one word most of them have picked up for good shots. For

continued

Christine and Roderick Hall of San Francisco wear the classic Spanish "traje corto" on a canter through the cathedral-like rows of Sotogrande's ancient cork forest.

bad ones they say nothing, though their grins are eloquent. When a drive heads for the water, they shout gleefully, "*Agua, agua,*" and jump up and down.

What could you do on a typical Sotogrande day besides kill a few caddies? Wake to the unceasing "whish" of whirling sprinklers and the gurgle from big, outsize hoses as maintenance men water the palms, pampas grass and flower beds. (Your double room is costing only $10 a night or—if it's a single—only $6.42, so you can hardly afford to leave even if you dislike sprinkler music.)

Breakfast is brought to your bungalow and served on a private terrace overlooking your own lawn. After a hit you stroll to the clubhouse and drive a bucket of 50 balls. It costs only 42¢, so you drive another bucket. Then you walk down to the Beach Club and take a dip in the sea. You can have a genuine hot dog or hamburger here. Ready for an actual game of golf, you may be able to latch on to some good companions, such as Dr. and Mrs. Rudolph Light of Nashville, Montego Bay and Palm Beach.

Dr. Light is a member of the PGA National Golf Club, a retired professor of surgery and was awarded the O.B.E. by the Queen for his services to British education. At night he wears a blazer with the insignia of the St. Catherine's College boating club of one of his alma maters, Oxford.

"We heard about Sotogrande two years ago. Everyone was so enthusiastic we had to come to see for ourselves," says the doctor. Ann Light (who was previously married to Jean Paul Getty) taps her club on the handsome tiles that are set close to the ground and tell what par is and the distance in both yards and meters. "Wherever we go there is a golf course within spitting distance and sometimes I don't spit very well, but these fairways are better than most greens."

At the 7th Mike Lopez, who is playing with the Lights, tells us that this is one of Trent Jones's favorites—"one of the great holes anywhere." The sloping par 4 is not only challenging but beautiful. No rugged, unbarbered St. Andrews, Sotogrande was created U.S.-style, with wide fairways and little rough, as the perfect haven for holiday golfers. Yet its challenge is so great that in the 1966 Spanish Open only four professionals equaled or broke its 72 par.

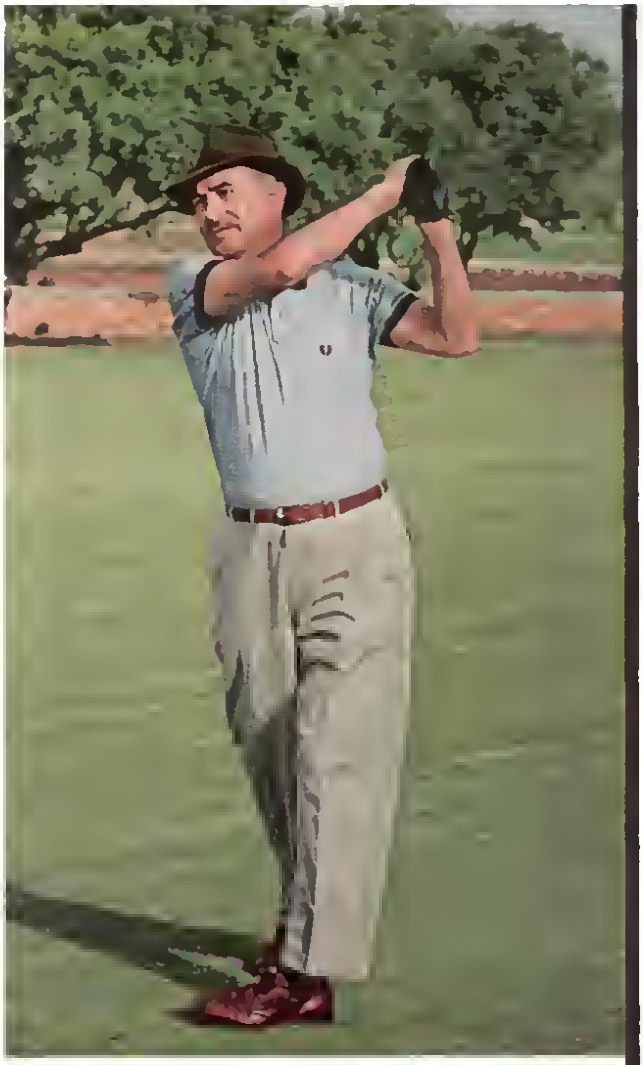
It's getting on toward noon and down the road behind the stone fence come the women of Guadiaro, the nearby town that supplies most of Sotogrande's labor. They are bringing lunch to their men, and soon, under the cork trees, the families sit eating, in a scene right out of Goya.

Back at the Club de Golf the treats of Chef René Boncil await—a cold buffet with a pale orange gazpacho, eaten near the pool in an atmosphere of modern simplicity. For a special treat the waiter brings crisped *chanquetes* (fresh anchovies). No trace of the frenetic commercial atmosphere that afflicts so many resort hotels is seen here; it is as if you are in a great private home where the servants have been with the family for years. The person responsible, no doubt, is the incomparable Doña Carmen. You are subtly reminded of her years at the Ritz everytime you approach the Club de Golf's front doors and they are sprung open by a young majordomo whose sole duty is this. A ramrod-backed, imposing lady with the elegance of a *hidalga*, Doña Carmen says, "I am very un-Spanish. I don't like gazpacho, sangria or bullfighting." In fact, she is one of the true Spaniards—being Basque, and the Basques being the nearest to Spain's disputed prehistoric inhabitants, the Iberians.

After lunch there is siesta by the pool or a visit to a nearby breeding stable to see the bulls. Their coats the color of bland iced coffee, they stand, each in his place at the feed trough, like some parody of a pub. Also nearby is a lovely old house that was one of Sotogrande's original farm homes. It is called Valderrama and has been transformed into the riding club. You wait here, swinging your boots on a wide porch, sniffing the lemon blossoms, the enormous fig trees, while they bring an Arabian with a high-backed Spanish saddle and the iron stirrups of Andalusia. Riding through the forests you can even rip away a giant hunk of cork and take it home to carve your own bottle



Sotogrande's clubhouse pool is surrounded by a lush carpet of putting-green grass. On the far side of it, a polo field is being constructed right beside the Mediterranean.





stoppers. Some of the tree trunks are brick red where they have been stripped of their cork. The Spanish say they are blushing "for being naked."

At night, sitting in the glass-and-white-brick golf club bar with its highly polished wood-lattice ceiling, you watch the purple light fade over the empty fairways and faraway mountains. You step out on the pebbled mosaic balcony to catch the sound of cicadas and turn to watch the moonrise shining on the sea. There is Gibraltar, gray and impressive, to the left, and Africa lies straight across the water, only two hours away by ferry.

Inside, the nut-sized diamonds look very fine on tanned wrists and fingers, with subtle little pink sleeveless linen dresses and two-toned Chanel pumps. The talk flutters around the room about the Paleys and the Fords and Round Hill and Cap d'Antibes and Van Cleef and which titles are now bartending in Marbella.

"I hear someone just paid a million for an acre on the beach at Torremolinos," goes the talk. "Yes, Torremolinos, a place where an English couple teach flamenco dancing." Laughter. The Lights arrive. She says, "If a hotel is as good as this one, why would anyone want to build a house?" A big, bluff hearty man with white hair, white mustache, white flannels, a blazer and striped tie comes in. "I think it's a bore," says the Earl of Hardwicke, fingering his tie, "a bore to have to wear this at night. In Marbella, they're wearing St. Trop gear, but here they make you put on a tie to come to dinner. I deliberately haven't put any socks on." He shows a bare ankle and wins a laugh from his companion, Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford.

Belgian Banker Ludo Peten begins to rave about the 360 days of sun a year. "I've got a château in Belgium, hunting forests in France, but the weather is so lousy everywhere I never go to any of them. A Scotsman told me this was the most beautiful golf course in the world, so I came and bought property. My rheumatism has vanished." Later you see him dance off to try the "skate" with a nubile blonde on the parqueted floor of Sotogrande's *fin de siècle* discothèque, the Bagatelle. But over and under the sound of the Tijuana Brass one thing still nags about Joseph R. McMicking's financial plan. So much money tied up for such a long-term development. The question is natural. Where does $10 million come from if one doesn't borrow it from a bank?

McMicking twinkles, hesitates, speaks quietly and slowly: "Well . . . you might have it."

Oh. **END**

Joseph McMicking, Sotogrande's founder, drives on the favorite 7th hole, while two young residents of Ronda, a nearby hill town, practice a more traditional Spanish sport.



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"The trouble about Prince Philip," declared the London *Daily Mirror* last week, "is that his heart is often in the right place, but his head isn't." The editorial blast came when word got back to Britain that **Prince Philip, King Constantine** of Greece and two German princes had bagged 7,500 ducks, geese, wild swan and wild turkey in four days shooting on Giaour Ada, an island in Thrace. To make matters even worse, it was reported that the royal party had used a Greek air force helicopter and 30 professional beaters to scare up their quarry. Philip is a trustee of the World Wildlife Fund, an international conservation body that has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars setting up game preserves to protect rare species like the white rhinoceros and mountain gorilla. Said the *Mirror*, "He works hard for the World Wildlife Fund. He urges the British people to work hard, too. He himself works harder (with his trigger finger) than anybody."

The Green Bay Packers were hot enough last year, but next season they will be hotter still, thanks to **George Halas**. The Halas involved is not Chicago's Papa Bear, but his 42-year-old nephew and namesake, who is a salesman for General Electric. In his professional capacity young Halas has sold Vince Lombardi a $60,000 electric blanket for Green Bay's perpetually frozen Lambeau Field. The electrical system—consisting of wiring buried six inches under the turf—will thaw snow quickly, keep the field playable in almost any weather and enable grass to grow year round.

Michigan's governor, **George Romney**, out on the campaign trail, entered a sled-dog race on a more sporting trail in Anchorage the other day, but the event was fixed from the start. Romney was matched against Alaska's governor, **Walter Hickel**, over a 200-yard course. Since neither man is an experienced musher, precautions were taken: handlers were staked out around the area to prevent a getaway dog; the sleds had only three huskies instead of the usual nine or 10; and the governors' wives were asked to ride in the sleds to slow the dogs down. Governor Romney—and wife—finished first, but, needless to say, the race was a drag.

"Until I see whether I can still pitch," said **Whitey Ford** last week in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., "I don't want them to list me on the Yankee roster." But Whitey, who has had two arm operations in the last three years, is hopeful. "Two years ago," he said, "I tried to drive some trotters at Pompano Park and my left arm was so weak I could hardly get a horse around the track even once. But this morning I worked four horses for Del Miller and Billy Haughton, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. That proves to me I've got back some of my strength."

For more than a month now, **Stavros Niarchos** has been operating his $200 million fleet from a bush camp in Kenya. By day he stalks the wildlife (he has killed East Africa's big five—rhino, elephant, lion, leopard and buffalo), and at night he dictates letters to his young English secretary, who flies into camp in a Cessna bringing Niarchos' voluminous correspondence. "He hasn't missed work for a single pow-wow around the cookpots," the secretary says. Not even the day Niarchos was almost killed. While he and his white hunter were inspecting an animal they had shot, the two men were charged by a lion. They snap-fired simultaneously and the lion fell dead at their feet. "Close, very close that one," said Niarchos, before going back to camp and the old business grind.

Charles de Gaulle's term as President of France does not end until 1973, and who knows what he has in mind then. But the leader of France's Independent Republican Party, 41-year-old **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing**, a onetime Gaullist cabinet minister, is already advertising his fitness for the top job. A few weeks ago an ad appeared in *L'Express* showing him doing an impeccable christiania on the slopes of Mont Blanc. The caption was "Movement in Equilibrium." Giscard then hired the French ski team's relaxation specialist to give his party's candidates in this week's elections psychomotor exercises to make sure they shaped up.

The Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs in the Class AA Texas League have done little more than launch spring training, but already club officials are impressed with their new man, **Bobby Bragan**. The former manager of the Atlanta Braves has been selling billboard advertising for the Spurs in 10,600-seat Turnpike Stadium. With a fast sales pitch, he disposed of all the available fence space in just eight days. His finest delivery so far was to a local poultry dealer. Bragan suggested the man advertise his product on the fence near the foul lines. Then, said Bobby, "Every time a ball is hit toward your sign, or over it, the fans will see your ad: ANOTHER SMITH POULTRY FOUL." Bragan got his bird.

On his seventh birthday last week **Prince Hiro**, the son of Japan's Crown Prince Akihito, was the subject of an Imperial Household press release. It stated, among other things, that "the Prince rose in height by two inches during the past year to stand now 3'10", the Prince likes to build plastic models of Japanese television and movie monsters; the Prince loves to play violin for an ensemble; the Prince has taken up skiing. He has been practicing on a slope [*above*] in the Togu Palace gardens, using skis and boots that his father wore 20 years ago. The boots are several sizes too big for him, so he has stuffed them with cotton." A palace chamberlain reported that after three days of dedicated practice the Prince had mastered the art of skiing and was able to go straight down a slope of 30 yards without falling. "He manifests a highly promising form as a downhill specialist," the official observed.



During a recent round at San Francisco's Hayward Golf Club, **Willie Mays** was teeing up his ball on the 5th hole when some small boys approached him. One asked Mays for his autograph. Willie obliged. Then he turned back to his tee shot. Looking down, he realized his golf ball was gone. So were the boys.

BOXING / *Mark Kram*

A sad farewell, a glad hello

The dream died with worthy Doug Jones, but it gleamed brighter than ever for Joe Frazier, who has a Marciano punch and Ali in his future

Doug Jones, suddenly too old and too vulnerable too soon, is on the floor, his chest heaving, his right hand standing limply, seemingly letting go of a once boundless, sweet but now unendurable dream.

Joe Frazier is across the ring, his big-boned body suspended high in the smoky gauze, both of his arms stretched up and reaching for the roof and a peg to hang the world on.

Neatly destructive and animal-like, Frazier had caught Doug Jones on the cheek with a heavy, body-twisting left hook. Spittle flew from the corners of his mouth and his head flopped, like a scarecrow's. Jones, his hands down, just stood there, stone-like. Frazier looked at him, and then Jones started descending slowly, his body disassembling. He landed on the middle strand of the ropes, and his head, bleeding at the mouth, dangled there. His face, with those brooding eyes of an M-G-M Mexican busted in a crap game, gaped out at the crowd.

No one—except some insensible dude—could miss feeling the moment near the end of the sixth round last week in Philadelphia: one moves up and one moves down, a theme, with all its endless variations, as old as hell. A theme that belongs to all the old birds who sit in the public parks and play checkers and rail against that one brief moment when some kid lays a gold watch and handshake on them—and then says thanks, sorry and goodbye.

Frazier's victory has made a sharp and real impact in the heavyweight division. Forget about those who scoff at Muhammad Ali's skills, call his opponents stiffs before they ever see them and speak of long-gone club fighters and other old toothless soldiers as monarchs. Frazier is genuine, and even now, because of his style, his attitude and firepower, he is an immensely better fighter than any whom Ali has defended his title against.

The 23-year-old former Olympic champion has improved rapidly with each of his 14 pro fights, 13 of which were won by knockouts. His jab, a weapon he never knew how to use, is now crisp, and he uses it intelligently. The right hand no longer looks as though it had been manufactured in some boys' club gym. The left hook, which has been shortened up, is swifter and more punishing than before, and Frazier is thinking constantly. Against Jones he set up numerous openings, and in the second and sixth rounds he threw right-hand uppercuts when Jones appeared to be covered against hooks and straight punches.

None of these improvements are altering his natural and primitive style, a type of offense similar to Rocky Marciano's, and one that many think will topple Ali. A short, marauding fighter—he now fights at 205 pounds—Frazier crowds his opponent and moves inside the natural line of punches. Like a drum roll, his punches start at the body and end up with striking velocity and violence at the head. The punches are unremitting, and he knows the only way to move—right at you.

"He's like a leech," said one of Jones's handlers. "You can't get away from Frazier. This guy is Murder, Incorporated. Jones, the poor devil, had to change styles every round. Frazier just took the fight away from him. There was nothing he could do."

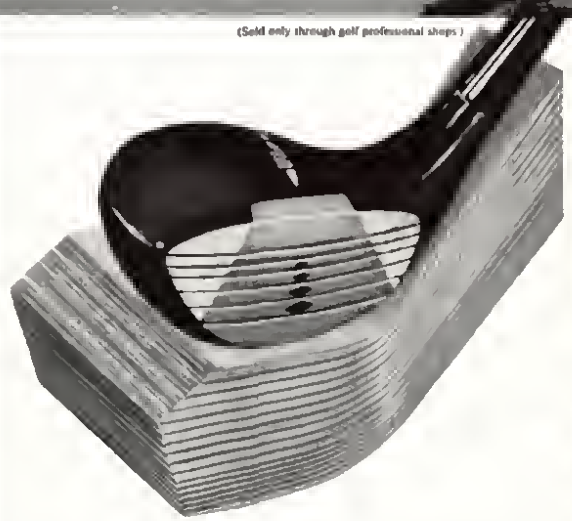
This seems to be a more accurate analysis than the charge by some of the press that Frazier was being fed another "body." Jones certainly fits that description now, but there was never any indication of this before the fight. Nobody had labeled him a setup or a tapped-out scuffler in his fights with Ernie Terrell and Thad Spencer. Indeed, Jones prepared for Frazier more carefully than he had for many previous fights. He knew this was his one—maybe last—chance to stay near the big money, and a chance, however remote, for a shot at the heavyweight title. He was no longer cheating on his roadwork or malingering in the gym. He was certain he was too fast for Frazier.

continued



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Jones did move, more than he had in recent years, and he did land several good right hands—Frazier is not a difficult target—but his calculations had sold Frazier short. Frazier was no longer the rough, predictable fighter who had twice been knocked down in one round by Oscar Bonavena last fall in the Garden, the fight in which he proved he could take a lethal punch. He had worked long and hard in the gym and, even more important, he had listened, and then executed the moves that he was taught.

"The one thing I didn't have to teach him," says his manager and trainer, Yancey Durham, "was moving at the other guy. He doesn't know what it is to move back. That's why he's got to take the other guy out. Joe's just a sweetheart. He does what he's told. No back talk. He does his job. That's why he looked beautiful tonight. Two weeks workin' in camp, he ate what was placed in front of him, and he ran in the snow. When I gave him a day off, Joe said, 'Thank you.' He appreciated it. If you haven't been around fighters, you don't know what it is to have a boy like Joe."

Not many fighters, to be certain, are like Frazier. He is a basic, uncomplicated person. Deal around him with the wine-filled late nights and the people who come at you with the big, false smiles. He does not want approval or distraction—just results. He is obviously now far removed from the kid who used to slop hogs on his family's patch of land in Beaufort, S.C., but he still yearns for that atmosphere, that simplicity and the smell of chitlins wafting out of the kitchen.

"I'm gonna go back there and live some day," Joe said in his hotel room the afternoon before the fight. He was lying on the bed and counting money.

"What you doin', boy, with all that money, gettin' yourself all confused?" said Durham, who was on the other bed. "See if you got any lucky bucks," he added.

"I ain't got no luck," laughed Frazier.

"Oh yes you have, boy," said Durham, "but even if you don't, you not goin' to need any in the ring when the big prize comes along."

Durham, of course, was referring to the time when and if Frazier ever fights Ali, but after the Jones fight he seemed to smolder at any mention of the champion in the dressing room. He sidestepped and parried, but he could not avoid the unavoidable: When will Frazier fight Muhammad Ali?

"I don't need Clay right now," Durham replied sharply. "We ain't ready for Clay. Sure, I know he's pushing. He wants me now, but when I take the fight it will be a war between equals. Right now Joe is still learning. Tonight he graduated from high school, and I want him to go to college before he takes on Professor Clay." Durham blamed the press for the pressure being heaped on him and Frazier, but he was wrong. Ali is responsible.

All week before the fight the champion had spoken of Frazier as a possible victim in 1967, perhaps in the summer. Infuriated at the reports, Durham began talking absurdly about fighting Ali six years from now, and then he cut it to two years, which is equally ridiculous. The struggle, it was apparent, had begun, and Durham and Frazier will be even more troubled to hold out for another 12 months.

Over in the other dressing room, there were no such problems. Doug Jones should be through struggling in boxing. He had been unconscious in the ring for nearly two minutes, and now he was sprawled on a table like some vagrant napping under a tree. Nobody in the room said anything.

"From now on," his manager, Alex Koskowitz, finally said, "he fights his wife. He's through. I don't want him fighting anymore."

The doctor then walked in, and Jones eased his body up and sat on the edge of the table. The doctor went to work. He tapped the fighter's knees, beamed light into his eyes, used a tuning fork around the bones of his ears and had Jones spread his arms and bring each finger to his nose. Jones missed once.

"I'm all right, Doc," said Jones.

"I know you are," the doctor whispered. "You'll be fine."

The doctor left and the questions fell.

"How do Frazier's punches compare to others you've fought?" he was asked.

"Not any harder," he answered haltingly.

"What kind of future does Frazier have?"

He rolled the question around in his mind and then said: "All fighters have a future."

Not, alas, Doug Jones, for whom there is nothing left but endless thanks, sorry and goodbye. **END**

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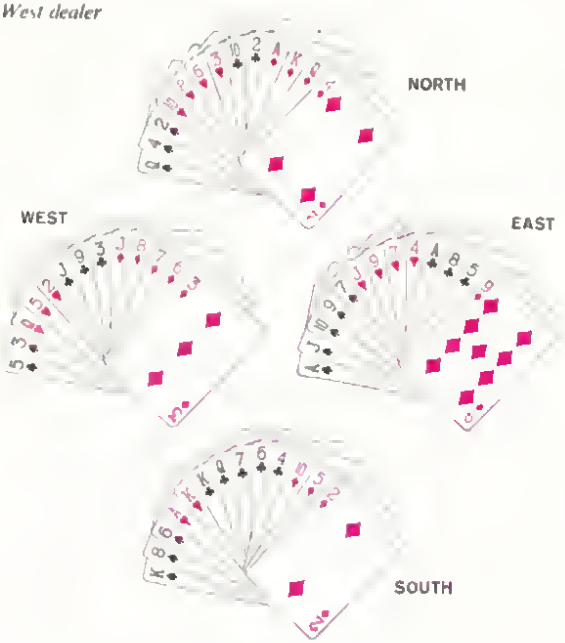
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Sit where you choose—and lose

When you cut the highest card, the International Laws of contract bridge give you the right to choose your seat and the color of the deck with which you will deal. However, nothing can give you an inkling of which seats will get the best hands in the next rubber. But, whether you hold the belief that the cards will continue to run as they have or you follow the idea that the luck will average out and the winning seats will begin to lose, the fact is that your luck is never going to be much better than your skill.

If you do not believe this let me offer you your choice of seats on this deal *after* you have seen all four hands. Would you rather be declarer, South, at a contract of three no trump, or would you prefer to defend and sit East?

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	1 N.T.
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 5 of spades

As declarer, having won East's 9 of spades with the king, did you spot your chance to make the contract if East holds the ace of clubs? You cross to dummy with a diamond, lead a club, which East ducks to your queen, go back to dummy with another diamond and lead through the club ace again. Whether East takes his club ace now or decides to wait until the next round, he cannot continue spades without making dummy's queen a second stopper, nor can he put partner in the lead in time for a second spade play through dummy's queen. Thus, with East holding three clubs to the ace, South is a cinch to win four clubs, three diamonds, two hearts and one spade.

So you chose to play South? Wait a minute. What if East does not hold the ace of clubs? Yes, I know he has it —but he also has a chance to get rid of it on your second lead of diamonds. If he throws it away, you can never set up your clubs without allowing West to win a trick with his jack. When he does, he will lead through dummy's queen of spades, and the defenders get one club and four spade tricks to beat you.

Did you spot this defensive opportunity and choose the East seat? I congratulate you on having seen the chance for a brilliant play, but wait another minute. Throwing away the ace of clubs on that second diamond lead will not defeat the game if South comes up with the right counterplay. Declarer can now see that he will lose the contract if he lets West win a trick with the club jack, so he abandons the club suit and leads a spade. Now East has two choices. He can refuse to cash all his spade tricks—in which event South can afford to concede a club trick to West's jack since East has no reentry. Or East can subject his partner to a suicidal squeeze that ends up like this:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
♠ —	♠ —	♠ 7	♠ —
♥ Q 5	♥ 10 8 6 3	♥ J 9 7 4	♥ A K
♦ J 8	♦ Q 4	♦ —	♦ 10
♣ J 9	♣ —	♣ 8	♣ K 7 6

When East cashes his last spade, South gives up a club and West pitches a heart, as does North. East returns a club. South wins and cashes his two high hearts. West must part with the jack of clubs or unguard his jack of diamonds. Either way, declarer wins the rest and proves you were right if you picked the North-South seats—provided you play as well as South.

END

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TRACK & FIELD / *Tom C. Brody*

That last E is for easy, baby!

Behind tha shades and tha foo-man-shoo mustache dwells cool Charlie Greene. Forget records. He will win anyway, in a nonchalant breeze

Charlie Greene will have that extra E, if you please, because it is distinctive. As if he needed it. He is on public display for approximately six seconds at a time during the winter and just over nine seconds in the spring—about long enough to consummate a good sneeze, if you get on with it. Yet in those few, blustery instants Charlie Greene manages to convey two indelible impressions: that he is supremely fast and that he has pizzazz. Greene is the kind of athlete who would make P. T. Barnum, Florenz Ziegfeld and Cecil B. DeMille bolt out of their graves—pen and contract at the ready.

It is, in part, his physical appearance that causes the excitement. Greene is a little fellow (5′ 7″ and 151 pounds) who races hidden behind a foo-man-shoo mustache, dark horn-rimmed glasses and what looks suspiciously like a potbelly. But Greene is not fat. He has, in fact, not been beaten in a 60- or 100-yard dash (except on two occasions when he pulled up lame) since he was a sophomore two years ago at the University of Nebraska. He is the man most likely to explode across the finish line first in the 1968 Olympics (a pulled hamstring tendon kept him out of the Tokyo Olympics), the fellow who seems infinitely capable of being the first to round off the 100-yard-dash record at nine seconds flat and the latest to lay claim to the title of "world's fastest human." On close inspection he reveals yards and yards of the tautest kind of muscle, but no matter. He carries off the impression of having a pot—and that is part of the act.

The pith of the act is the race itself. Pop goes the gun, and within three strides Greene has violated all acknowledged scientific laws by getting a four-stride lead on the field. Now the cool Greene is devastating the field, not with the brute power of a Bob Hayes, but

continued



THUMBS UP, CHARLIE GREENE GLIDES THROUGH TAPE AHEAD OF THE STRUGGLING PACK

How to make a Million Making Whiskey

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Not too long ago in an out-of-the-way valley near here, a U.S. engineer was proudly showing a country store proprietor a detailed map—a map of what the valley would look like after the creek got dammed up and the lake was in.

The proprietor, whose sons were the fourth generation in his family to swim and fish in the creek's clear waters, and to gig frogs along its willow-lined banks, looked intently at the map, then asked: "Where's the *creek* going to be?"

We know how he felt. Recently, one of those industrial "efficiency experts" was in a group visiting our little family distillery. He couldn't resist turning his visit into a busman's holiday, and started out taking copious notes. But he soon threw up his hands in consternation and disbelief. Forsaking his methodical ways, he rashly announced that he could literally make us millionaires, practically overnight.

But all the time he was describing the glories of this ultra-efficient would-be whiskey factory, we were, like the store owner, wondering where our *Bourbon* would be. We decided it would be the same place as the creek, so we said "no."

Incidentally, that country store owner is enjoying a booming tourist business today. But his grandchildren aren't going to know where the creek was. If you can understand why he's a little sad sometimes, we think you're the kind of person who will enjoy and fully appreciate the most expensively *made** Bourbon in Kentucky. OLD FITZGERALD.

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with a nonchalance that suggests a man roller-skating to organ music. He glides to the finish, flips his thumbs in the air as if to say, "That's all there is to it," and if you did not pinch yourself you would swear that you were watching a man in a sporting beret and Bermuda shorts ambling up the Via Veneto with a cigarette holder in each hand. At the end come the others, teeth gnashing, bodies straining, arms flailing—the gang of them snapping and yapping at Greene, well clear of the fuss.

This sprinting business is all very compulsive with Charlie Greene, who got the urge early, as an undersized adolescent in Seattle. If he could not whip any kid on the block he knew that he could run faster than the big fellows. Indeed, he never lacked confidence, which explains how, on his first day in high school, he had the nerve to show up at football practice—all 103 pounds of him. He was the starting halfback for four years at O'Dea High School and as a sprinter lifted the track team from a pack of also-runs to the Catholic high school championship in Seattle. By the time he was a roaring 140-pound senior, Greene was whipping off 9.5 hundreds, and every track-conscious college in the country was making the usual overtures. Charlie chose Nebraska partly because his high school coach was a Nebraska native and partly because he liked Nebraska Coach Frank Sevigne.

The fawning attentions lavished on him did nothing to foster humility in the 18-year-old Greene, who quickly established himself on the Nebraska campus as the most obnoxious undergraduate of 1963. "I didn't know much about Charlie, except for his records," said a classmate, "but after five minutes with him I was pretty sure he had invented egotism. Arrogant? Wow! All you had to say was 'good morning' and he'd look at you as if you had done something immoral."

The one thing going for 18-year-olds, however, is a birthday. Eventually they get to be 19. And whether it was the guidance of Sevigne, the heavy hand of Bob Brown—the all-America tackle now playing for the Philadelphia Eagles whom Charlie idolized—or just a wholesome awareness of his own that high school hotshots rate no salutes on a big college campus, Charlie Greene so thoroughly outgrew his early petulance that even the critic who got snubbed in the

morning became an unblushing fan. "Oh, he's still cocky," he said, "but now it's fun, not obnoxious."

Cocky is just the word. His first major indoor meet was in New York, where his opposition was no less than Hayes. And did this impress Charlie Greene? "Bobby," he said, "you know what you're going to have to do to beat me tonight? Break a record, baby, that's all."

It is not the sort of lip a reigning Fastest Human usually gets from a freshman, and to say that this particular venture into psychological warfare upset anyone's applecart would be stretching a point. Hayes won, as expected, but he had to sprint the 60 yards in 5.9, which *was* a record, and it was just a clippety-clop in front of Greene.

Records, however, are only of passing interest to Greene. "Looky, here," he said, reeling off a list of people who had recently run 60 yards in six flat. "Now will you please tell me where all those rabbits go in a big meet? If they can do a six flat in Hicksville, why are they always 6.4 whenever they get up against somebody good?"

Greene, it so happens, does have a world record to his name, or at least a share of it. Last year he ran a 60 in 5.9 to tie Hayes and several others, but the time is incidental. He merely had to go that fast to beat the next best man in the field. Greene's idea of being the champion is to beat everybody he runs against. "I'm convinced he can run a nine-second 100," said Sevigne. "Someone is going to be turning on a 9.1 at the same time, though."

Last year in Albuquerque, one sprinter jumped the gun in a 60-yard race, but there was no recall. Greene *did* go with the gun, however, which meant he started several yards behind the leader. "A hundred is one thing," said Charlie. "I'll catch you later. But in a 60, schee." Greene not only caught his man; he finished comfortably in front. The one judge who did not freeze in the face of that strange start caught him in 5.7. The dash was run again, and Charlie breezed home in a casual 6.0, one-tenth of a second faster than he ran this weekend against New Mexico and Iowa State to win his 32nd straight dash.

It is odd, but Greene does not even hold the record for the 60 in his own conference. A fellow by the name of Jim Jackson has it. Greene says the explanation is another case of gun-jumping.

continued

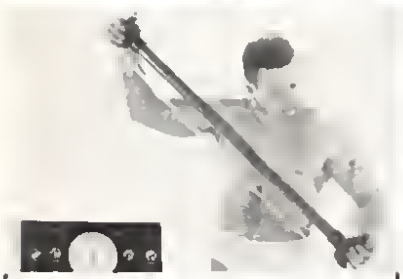


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"There I was," said Charlie, "sitting in the blocks waiting for the gun to go off, when I saw this boy running down the track. So I says to myself, 'Charlie Greene, you better get to running,' and then the gun *does* go off."

Greene did not catch Jackson, but that was a heat. In the finals he wiped Jackson out, earning the championship but no record.

But speed and showmanship aside, Charlie Greene's greatest talent might yet turn out to be his ability to disarm his opposition before a race. There is a rumor, for example, that Greene trains in a prone position, contemplating the ceiling and stuffing himself with a frightening array of indigestible items, and that he only begins to think about a race 30 yards up the track. "If that's what people think," says Greene, "well, groovy," meaning that he is as content to win a race before it starts as after. Among master psychers, Greene may be the best of all. He will run lickety-fast practice starts in sneakers and a rain hat, and he always sports those dark glasses —"gotta have the shades, baby." On one occasion, a prominent sprinter approached Greene before a race with well-meaning exuberance. "How are you, Charlie?" asked the challenger.

"Just fine," said Greene. "Incidentally, my name's Greene. What's yours?" The challenger was still muttering to himself when the gun went off.

As for losing, Charlie Greene would gladly sprint across a field of Claymore mines before he would ever think of that. The last time such a calamity occurred was at Bakersfield, Calif. during his sophomore year. Greene took the baton in the final leg of a 440 relay, with Nebraska in the lead. Then Tommie Smith of San Jose State zoomed by. The fact that Smith was the fastest man in the world for 220 yards was no comfort at all. The next day Sevigne took his team to Berkeley to prep for the NCAA finals the following week only to find the stadium gates locked. Sevigne shrugged and started herding the team back onto the bus, when he heard a clatter. Greene was climbing the fence. Before the blood finished draining from the coach's face, his star runner was on the track.

Obviously Charlie Greene won the NCAA 100. And, I suffice to say, those who saw him do it will never, never forget the extra E. **END**

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UNIROYAL



The rise to fame of Arnold Palmer—athlete, businessman and public idol—is an astonishing saga. Now, at a particularly meaningful moment in Palmer's career, the man who knows him best, his attorney, adviser and confidant, has written an intimate biography that gives a warm, rare and sometimes startling insight into the greatest golfer of modern times. On the following page begins the first of four excerpts from



Together in the countryside they cherish, the Palmers walk through woods behind their Latrobe home

MY FRIEND ARNOLD PALMER

BY MARK H. McCORMACK

CONTINUED

One day late in the summer of 1966 a former President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower, rang the doorbell of a white brick house in Latrobe, Pa. He had a birthday present under his arm and was calling on Arnold Palmer. Only a few days earlier the current President of the United States had also called on Arnold Palmer, in a manner of speaking. Lyndon Johnson was about to play host to a military dictator who had led his country first toward Peking and then ever so grudgingly toward neutrality. State Department aides decided that the presidential gift to the not altogether friendly head of state would be golf clubs, and Arnold Palmer was asked to come to the White House and meet the dictator. Neither incident had any great meaning in the grand design of world events, but each shows, as well as anything, the degree to which Palmer is a phenomenon unique in modern sport. He has become the international symbol of excitement and excellence in a game played by millions. His appeal stems from his athletic achievements, but the appeal is far from limited to those achievements. And he is a person who has used sports success as the base on which to build a business empire, one of a type and seope no other athlete has ever attempted.

To the golf enthusiast Arnold Palmer is a glamorous sports cliche. He is that muscular fellow from Pennsylvania who hits very long tee shots, has a wife named Winnie, flies a plane, smokes a lot, wins the Masters every year in some dashing fashion and loses the Open every year in some incredible way. Because of him the word "charge" was brought to golf—and "Army" and "bold." He has a shirttail that won't stay in no matter what, 72 known expressions of anguish, all genuine, and a smile, also genuine, for any child. That is what he stands for after a decade of being written about, photographed, televised, filmed, exhibited, marketed, advertised, promoted, licensed and exposed more than any American athlete in history.

The country produces superb athletes regularly, of course, and the 1960s have seen many of them—Jim Brown, John Unitas, Willie Mays, Sandy Koufax, Mickey Mantle—but none can rival Palmer. Not only has he reached a celebrity status enjoyed by few individuals in any field, he is the first athlete to become a walking million-dollar corporation in his prime.

Yet while it may seem that this familiar public figure is the only Palmer—the dramatic man bent in his own distinctive posture over a vital putt—I can testify as his manager, counselor, adviser and friend that there are many others. There is Palmer the worrier and Palmer the comic. There is Palmer the tycoon and Palmer the debt-fearing head of household. There is Palmer the smoker and Palmer the nonsmoker. There is Palmer the archconservative and Palmer the jet pilot, Palmer the ambassador and Palmer the homebody, Palmer the confidant of corporation presidents and Palmer the quiet, tax-paying citizen of a small steel town called Latrobe.

It is these Palmers that I want to introduce you to. The way to begin, I think, is by picking up the pace of his life. Consider, as a sample, a few days last fall.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 28, 1966, Arnold is angry. He is in Philadelphia. I am not there, but I know when he is angry and I know the kind of things he would have been saying to me that day. He has a way of drawing his lips thin and telling me, "Mark, it's got to stop," and the "it" is all the things that he feels are taking his attention away from his golf game. Only I do not think they are—which means it is a good time for us not to have to talk to each other. The Philadelphia Golf Classic has just ended. The day before Arnold had tied for the lead by shooting seven birdies and coming in with a 65, but now he has wasted it all with a dismal 74. "I'm going to take a month off to rest and work on my game," he tells the press, and then he goes to the airport and boards his Jet Commander with his full-time pilot, Darrell Brown, and his full-time administrative assistant, Doc Giffin. They fly to New York. It is dark when they check in at the Essex House Hotel. Lousy day.

On Monday morning Arnold appears at a studio for the filming of color television commercials for Noxzema. The company is going to put out a line of products called Swing—maybe. Test marketings have to go well. A small fortune is at stake. More than 30 people are involved in the making of the commercials, including the president of Noxzema.

By Tuesday afternoon the filming is done. Arnold hurries to La Guardia and flies in his jet to Shawnee, Pa. to participate in the grand opening of a food-processing plant built by his father-in-law, Martin Walzer. He spends the night in Shawnee. The next morning he flies back to New York City, where he picks up four top business executives as part of his association with the U.S. Banknote Corporation. He flies them to Latrobe for a VIP day of golf, meals and drinks at Laurel Valley Golf Club. On Thursday he poses for photographs again, this time for the Bolens Division of FMC, for whom he endorses lawn equipment and snowplows. Two days in Latrobe follow, but on Sunday he is off once more, this time to Winchester, Ky., where he is made a Kentucky Colonel and an Admiral of the Kentucky Waterways. He plays an exhibition there and is back in Latrobe by nightfall. Monday and Tuesday are Arnold Palmer Enterprises days in Latrobe, as 14 executives from his various corporations fly in to consult, dine and play golf with the boss.

Meanwhile Tuesday has brought an unexpected problem. The State Department called both Arnold and me on a matter of some importance. General Ne Win, the Burmese strong man who only a year ago was contemptuously cutting off American aid and throwing out American businessmen, has suddenly decided to visit Washington. Two things are known about him. He is on an in-

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tense neutrality campaign and he is an avid 10-handicapper. President Johnson wonders if Arnold could come to meet the general on Thursday, Sept. 8. Unfortunately, there is no way to postpone an exhibition match in Wilmington, Del. scheduled for the same day, and Arnold has to decline. A State Department spokesman accepts his regrets but urges him at the same time to try to schedule a proposed exhibition tour to Thailand, Cambodia and Malaysia. The U.S. Ambassador to Malaysia now calls, suggesting that the trip be made as soon as possible. So does Senator George Murphy, who some weeks earlier had joined Senator Stuart Symington at a breakfast with Arnold to discuss the trip. It is felt that U.S. relations would be much helped if Arnold made such a tour—many influential people in these countries are golfers. How uncomplicated, I think to myself, the job of representing a golfer must have been back when only golf was involved.

On Wednesday night Arnold flies to Toronto for a banquet with 400 people involved in the introduction of his sportswear line into Canada. He plays in the Wilmington exhibition on Thursday and returns the same night to Latrobe to work on some golf clubs. Forgings have been sent from Great Britain for the irons that he will use in the forthcoming World Match Play Championship, and clubs also have arrived from Australia that he will need for the Australian Open later in the fall. (Contracts require Palmer to use certain makes of clubs in certain countries.) He spends much of Sept. 9 working on the clubs.

Sept. 10 is Arnold's birthday, and though men in their mid-30s tend to forget such things, wives do not. Winnie has planned a surprise. She has invited the Eisenhowers, Dwight and Mamie, for the weekend. When the doorbell rings, Winnie tells Arnold, "Answer it, Arn. It's the TV repairman." Arnold goes to the door and finds General Eisenhower on his porch with a birthday gift, a farm scene painted by the general. Ike

continued

'I remember this strong-looking guy'



When golf historians look back on the 1960s they may contend that the man who had the most significant influence on the structure of the game never came close to winning a Masters or U.S. Open. He would be Mark H. McCormack, the 36-year-old attorney from Cleveland who for seven years has represented golf's biggest star, Arnold Palmer. With considerable drive and inspiration, McCormack has counseled Palmer, managed him, marketed him, scheduled him and helped him through the complex corridors of the business world. As a result, Palmer has become the richest professional in the history of golf, or perhaps any other game.

McCormack, whose talents for his role are perfect—a good golfer's instinct for the game and a tough legal mind—not only is the business manager for Palmer, but also represents Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player, who join Palmer in constituting the Big Three.

There are two widely publicized stories about the way McCormack and Palmer got together. Both of them are wrong. They did not become friends in their college days, when Palmer played on the Wake Forest golf team and McCormack played for William and Mary. Nor were they chums when Palmer was in the Coast Guard and stationed in Cleveland. McCormack did *see* Palmer for the first time during a college match in Raleigh, N.C. in 1950. "I remember this strong-looking guy on the practice tee, rifling out two-irons like Sam Snead, with a group of spectators around him. I knew if he played against me William and Mary was sure to lose a point." Later McCormack spotted the teammate, who *was* pitted against Palmer on the 6th tee and asked how he stood. "I'm even par," said the William and Mary man. "And 3 down."

In the late 1950s there were occasions when McCormack got to shake hands with Palmer, but strictly as a fan. It was not until 1958, after McCormack and a partner named Dick Taylor had formed a company called National Sports Management, Inc. (essentially to arrange exhibitions for touring professionals), that Palmer actually learned McCormack's name. In the winter of 1959 Palmer asked McCormack to give up NSM and represent him personally.

The decision was not as easy as it now seems. National Sports Management had other stars—among them U.S. Open Winner Bill Casper, and Masters Champion Art Wall. Arnold Palmer was not all that overpowering then. McCormack thought he might be, however, and made a choice that changed pro golf forever. One of the things that pleases him most today is that he—a lawyer trained to get things in writing—sealed his deal with Palmer with a handshake, and that is the only contract the two of them have ever had, or needed.

Now, in a book that will be published next fall by Simon and Schuster, from which these excerpts have been taken, McCormack has turned biographer, telling about the Arnold Palmer he knows and admires and why he feels that there has never before been such a figure in sport.



Corporation President Palmer boards his jet for trip home after a day's work in New York.

PALMER *continued*

plays golf with Arnold, and that night there is a small dinner party, with a guest list that includes George Love, then chairman of the board of Chrysler.

There it is, two weeks that give you an idea of the Arnold Palmer of today, a man moving at an abrasive pace in areas of activity that most athletes would never comprehend and yet having enough stamina and nerve to be the most dynamic figure there is in a game that I think is more taxing and emotionally demanding than any other. Through it all I feel he has retained the very attributes —the charm, the instinctive kindness, the reverence for golf and its traditions —that made any of what has happened possible. Which is why I think he is unique in sport, and why he is a figure worth examining.

Just how big a figure has Arnold become in golf? The biggest by far, I would contend. Say what you will about the fame of Sam Snead and Ben Hogan, but at the height of their illustrious careers—the late 1940s and early 1950s—they did not come near matching Arnold Palmer's income, his popularity, the size of his crowds, his prize winnings or, at a corresponding age, his number of victories. Television, purses, galleries, international interest—all of these things have increased tremendously over the best days of Hogan and Snead. Even if you judge him strictly as a golfer—a tournament competitor—I believe that Arnold combines what is best about the two modern greats who preceded him and adds a dimension that they lacked. Palmer has the built-in color of Snead and Hogan's ability to win. To these traits he adds a warmth that neither of the others ever consistently displayed.

Palmer's list of major championships —seven through 1966—equals Snead's and is only two behind Hogan's. But Palmer has four Masters titles to Sam's three and Ben's two. He has two British Opens to their one apiece. His one U.S. Open title puts him one up on Snead. Granted, it is still three less than Hogan holds, but Arnold has tied for first in three other Opens. Insofar as total tournament victories on the U.S. tour are concerned, Palmer has 49 for his 12 years as a professional—which ties him with Byron Nelson. Only Hogan and Snead top him. Sam has won 84 PGA tournaments and Hogan 62, but their careers span many more years.

Arnold's business interests—all growing out of his vibrant success on the golf course—spread across the U.S. and to many other parts of the world. You need only walk down a street in Tokyo and see a sign for Tearoom Arnie to know what I mean. His main offices are in New York, Cleveland, Latrobe, Chattanooga and Pleasantville, N.J., and there are branches in Los Angeles and Chicago. He is the president of numerous corporations, and as such has the responsibilities and concerns of any substantial employer. He has had to become an executive as well as an athlete, and he is a good one, though, as I think about it, the phrase "had to" may be an error. I think Arnold has *wanted* a decision-making role in his enterprises. But I also think—in fact, know—that he has very much wanted to remain simply the man from Latrobe, Pa.

I have a friend who once said that, with all his money and stature, Arnold Palmer ought to buy Versailles for a home and let the fountains water his putting green. And I told him that in one sentence he had proved he knew less about Arnold Palmer than Louis XIV knew about the masses. If you tried to give Versailles to Arnold he would not accept it, unless you told him it could be moved to Latrobe. It is not so much that Arnold has an unquenchable love for Latrobe as that the things Latrobe represents are fundamental to his nature. No matter how big his world may be, he is small-town. And no matter how radical the changes are that he has caused in the financial aspirations of golfers, he is a conservative. Boldness is what Arnold brings to a golf course, but sometimes I think he must exhaust it all there, for careful planning, orderliness and security are the things he looks for elsewhere. He is at heart a man of enormous sim-

plicity, of steak and *Bonanza*. (I remember once years ago seeing him wave his spoon in annoyance over his onion soup because Winnie had put croutons in it), and the fact that he has essentially remained so is an indication of his innate good sense. The place he was born and raised is the place that suits him.

Latrobe is a town of 12,000 that sits on a small plateau some 35 miles east of Pittsburgh. It is in the Allegheny foothills, but you would have to be a geologist to know it, because there is little sensation of being in mountain country. The primary industry is metal—Latrobe Steel is the giant of the community. In the summer the countryside is green and lush, in the fall pheasants burst across the country lanes in front of cars, and in the winter the snow piles up the way it does at St. Moritz. There are fishing and hunting and skiing, and nobody much frets as the seasons change and the recreations with them.

Arnold was born in Latrobe on Sept. 10, 1929, when the town, I am told, did not look all that different from the way it does today. It was somewhat smaller. The Latrobe Country Club was only nine holes then. (Arnold's father, Deacon Palmer, who had been greenkeeper, was soon to be made head professional, a "temporary" economy measure caused by the Depression, but temporary became permanent.) Now it has 18 holes, and there is a swimming pool. What used to be the old screened-in veranda of the clubhouse has been enclosed to serve as an addition to the dining areas, one of which is the Arnold Palmer Room. Deacon and Doris Palmer, who lived in a house near the 3rd hole of the course, have moved to a larger one alongside the 16th.

The Palmers are stern, forthright and well-disciplined people, and there was never any doubt that their children—two sons and two daughters—would share these traits. Arnold's father is Scotch-Irish and his mother is English, and I suspect they did not need help from Dr. Spock to get rights and wrongs across to their children. Somebody once asked Arnold, whose golf grip is as good as any man's, how he happened to learn it. "My father taught me," he said. "It was one of the few things about golf he showed me when I was quite young. I remember he put my hands on the club and said, 'That's the way you hold it.' He said it just once, but that was enough. I have held a club that way from then on. I wouldn't have dared change for fear he would have caught me. What he said *do*, I did."

It is not generally known, but even though Arnold was raised on a golf course he did not have a particularly easy time learning the game. As the professional at Latrobe Country Club, Deacon adhered to the old Scottish theory that a pro's place was in his shop and his family's place was out of sight. Deacon stayed in his shop. He ate his meals in the club kitchen or at home. The members would not have minded Deacon Palmer going where he pleased when he pleased, but Deacon would have minded. He never entered the locker room, the dining room or the bar unless explicitly invited by a member. He applied the same attitude to his family. Arnold grew up knowing that the club was for the members. He could not go in the swimming pool. He could not play golf with the members' children. He could not play by himself, except early in the morning before anyone was on the course or late in the evening.

From the age of 7, when he first began really to play the game—he started learning to swing at 5—until he reached his early teens, Arnold's constant goal was to be always on the golf course. He remembers it as an ambition thwarted, though his parents may have a different recollection. On a rare occasion, perhaps once or twice a year, he would be invited to play with his father—usually when there was a threesome that needed filling out.

Finding somebody to play golf with was so important to Arnold that to this day he can tick off on his fingers the

continued

In shop at Latrobe, Palmer works on his own clubs and helps design those bearing his name.



names of the people who used to let him join them in the late afternoons. Basically his golf was played when the coast was clear—clear of Deacon. For the rest of the day, during the summer, Arnold would caddie or work in the shop or on the course. He was never allowed to compete in a club event, but he could enter the annual caddie tournament. "I won it four times, but I didn't get the winner's prize because Dad said I wasn't eligible for that either," Arnold remembers. But what Arnold could do, and did, was practice for hours on end, and if his father never gave him much in the way of formal lessons there were lots of informal ones. What he taught stuck, and Deacon Palmer is still the only man Arnold heeds on the subject of his swing.

One reason, I believe, why Arnold enjoys the game so much—just the act of playing 18 holes—is that there were so many days in his early life when he wanted to play golf more than anything else and could not. He has a deep affection for golf courses, a love of them, if you like. He wants courses to fight back at him, and considers them gallant opponents. This attitude of cherishing the game and all the elements of it is, for a variety of reasons, an unusual one in a touring pro. Most of them come to hate golf courses, in part because it is the course that thwarts their ambitions and in part because they feel such an attitude is helpful to their game.

It has seemed at times that Arnold has become a champion primarily to show Deacon Palmer that he is capable of being one. On many occasions I have heard Arnold say that his father still does not think he is a good golfer. "Every time I try to hit a cute shot of some kind, he'll scoff," says Arnold. "He doesn't think I am playing well unless I beat the ball to death. He has never thought that I hit the ball hard enough. My overriding philosophy of the game, to hit it hard, comes from him. But I never hit it hard enough to suit him."

High school golf gave Arnold his first serious competition, and by the time he graduated he was established as a fine junior golfer, but it had never occurred to him to go to college. He had always planned to get his military duty out of the way and become a golf professional. But then Bud Worsham, the younger brother of Lew Worsham, the pro at Pittsburgh's Oakmont Country Club, received a golf scholarship to Wake Forest. Bud, who was later killed in an automobile accident, was Arnold's closest friend, and by describing Palmer's talent in glowing detail he talked Wake Forest Golf Coach Jim Weaver into giving Arnold a golf scholarship, too. Arnold may not have known what state Wake Forest was in when he enrolled there, but he proved Worsham's confidence was well-placed and he got in almost four more years of solid golf.

By late 1954 Arnold had, at various points, dropped out of Wake Forest in his senior year, served three years in the Coast Guard, given up golf for a full year, come back to it, decided to be a salesman and play in big amateur tournaments, won the U.S. Amateur and at last turned pro, at the age of 25—which by today's standards is a late start for a tour rookie. On Dec. 20, 1954 he married the 20-year-old daughter of a Coopersburg, Pa. canned-goods-company president, and in January of 1955 he joined the tour. He had one set of golf clubs, a second-hand trailer to live in, no money and Winifred Walzer Palmer (*see cover*), whom he called, and still does, by the most apt nickname a wife ever had —"Win."

As I look back on what I know of Arnold and those early days, I find myself thinking that it was Arnold who had the ambition—"Oh God, how I wanted to win"—and the talent, but Winnie was the key. I refuse to launch into any of this drivel that behind every successful man there's a . . . or that, but for having her at his side. . . . To suggest that anybody could dominate the Palmer household but Arnold Palmer is preposterous. He runs the place



No golfer yet, daughter Amy receives a putting lesson from father on their indoor course.

with every bit as much directness as he hits his drives. But Arnold has had his share of good fortune in life, and the best fortune of all was marrying Winnie.

From the beginning she brought to Arnold an ability to cope with the kind of problems that he never knew existed. She was asute, discerning and a realist. For years she was wife *and* secretary *and* business consultant. She handled the family finances, and handled them well while heeding certain rules set down by Arnold, whose ideas about money do not follow common practice. She balanced the books, paid the bills, made the travel arrangements, mailed the entry blanks and, in short, devoted her entire attention to one goal: making sure that her husband's mind was free to concentrate on his golf, nothing but his golf. She was a wonder at it, and she still is. I told her once that she had been the first McCormack, and she told me that things were simpler in those days. I was 10 minutes figuring out her remark cut two ways. I have watched with wonder as she has humored Arnold, and catered to him when that seemed in order, and gone to great pains—especially at the time of major tournaments—to insulate him from the problems of the home, children or business. She achieves this with remarkable tact. There is no question that she has made a substantial contribution to Arnold's success on the tour. The Palmers gang up on you.

What Winnie now runs for Arnold does not amount to a compound, à la Kennedy, but there is a Palmer Establishment in Latrobe. It is made up of their two daughters, Peggy, 11, and Amy, 8, a dog named Thunder, a house that has sprawled itself out like a government agency, and a onetime barn for a onetime pony named Zorro. In addition, there is a full-time secretary, Patty Aikens, and when Arnold is home there are also Doc Giffin and Darrell Brown, both of whom are now residents of the Latrobe area.

Of all these, it is the house that has proved least able to keep up with the pace of the Palmer life. Every time the life seemed to take on another dimension, so did the house, until today it is a large, two-level structure, white with black shutters, set into a ridge above a creek and looking out over most of the front nine of Latrobe Country Club. The original carport was rebuilt into an office in 1960 and a garage was added. A new dining room and kitchen have been put on; the dining room, done in blue and white, looks out on Arnold's private putting green and practice bunker. The bunker is so situated that the dining room's bay window is in some jeopardy. Arnold can hit shots from the bunker, but I wouldn't. The living room is unchanged in eight years, its décor a dignified blue and white and the furnishings unfussy Early American. It is there, over a small desk, that Eisenhower's painting has been hung. The cellar has grown not once, but twice, first to provide for a large game room and workshop, and then to enlarge the game room and add a guest bedroom. The second change resulted in the workshop's being moved up the hill to the A-frame, which had been the stable. This structure lodges an enormous shop filled with power tools and an office for Doc Giffin.

Arnold holds a kitchen conference with Deacon, the only man he goes to for golf advice.



You would expect the Palmer house to be filled with trophies, platters and various mementos of Arnold's achievements, but it is not. Most of the trophies are kept either at Latrobe Country Club, where there is a large showcase of them in the grill as well as a special Arnold Palmer room upstairs, or at Laurel Valley Golf Club, the course eight miles away where the 1965 PGA Championship was held and where Arnold has a playing affiliation and is a member.

To me, the most interesting object in the Palmer home is a circular walnut coffee table in the downstairs game room. The top of it is inlaid with medals that Arnold has won. I doubt that most golf fans know it, but every major championship presents the winner, and sometimes the runner-up, with a medal, a custom that is a throwback to the era when golf was played for the glory of it. These days, I suppose, when the winner's check is $20,000 or so, the medal often gets lost in the cash shuffle. But not when the golfer has the feeling for the traditions of the game that Arnold does. Set into the top of his table are some 30 med-

continued

als, including four gold ones from the Masters and one from the U.S. Open.

Also there—and they attract the eye because they are silver instead of gold—are the USGA medals he received for finishing second in the Open, reminders of his three losing playoffs. I once asked him why he included them, and he said, "Well, they aren't bad-looking." The table also has three empty holes in it. "We have enough medals to fill the holes, but we won't put them in until we get new holes bored," Arnold recently explained. "There have to be empty spaces ready for future wins." It is a small superstition, and a nice one, leaving as it does the peculiar look of this table—with the green felt showing through the empty holes—as a tangible reminder of achievements yet to be achieved.

The game room is large, 36 by 28 feet, and at one end there is a fireplace. Glass doors lead to a terrace on the right side and to the putting green on the left. There is a pool table, and also one of the new indoor Arnold Palmer Putting Greens, a device that gives the player different breaks with the press of a button.

One wall is covered with a long bookshelf. Arnold is not a reader—I frankly doubt that he has read a book in 10 years—but one of his more recent hobbies is collecting books about golf, old and new. He has people rounding them up for him all over the world. Also on that wall is a shotgun case that contains not only eight guns but also a baseball bat used by Dick Groat, an old friend, in the 1960 World Series, which the Pittsburgh Pirates won. The walls are adorned with an assortment of pictures, several of which are notable. One is a framed snapshot of Arnold and Winnie that was taken in 1955, shortly after their marriage. She is caddying for him—which brings to mind a remark made by one of Arnold's old tour friends, George Low, the putting expert and clubhouse-veranda humorist. "He married the first girl who would shag balls for him," said George.

There are clocks, bookends and cigarette boxes from various championships spread about the room, but the only trophy is a slightly tarnished cup from the 1955 Canadian Open, Arnold's first professional victory.

The sense you get when you step back and look at the Palmer Establishment is one of organization without pretension. The Establishment is geared to help Arnold Palmer be the world's best golfer, just as Arnold himself is directed to exactly that goal. Many men spend their idle hours around their house repairing the lawn mower or gardening or working in the shop. Arnold does none of this. He probably does not know where the lawn mower is. One reason for this is that Arnold has few idle hours. ("Arnie just wants to keep busy," Winnie has said. "He does not know how to rest.") He has recreations that he enjoys, but the two foremost ones have something to do with his occupation. They are working with golf clubs and flying.

Arnold has more than 1,000 golf clubs stored in his shop and basement, including most of the sets he has played with. Ask him to show you the irons with which he won the U.S. Amateur and he will shuffle through a floor-to-ceiling rack of clubs, comment on the fact that he does not have things quite in order yet, then reach into a row of a dozen eight-irons and say, "Here is one." He has many requests for old clubs, but rarely can he bring himself to part with any of them. "I am always thinking I will want them for some reason," he says.

The same goes for his golf shoes. He has more than 70 pairs of them stacked row upon row on basement shelves—old ones, all used, never to be worn again. But I think I understand why he keeps them. You cannot throw golf shoes away; there was a time when they were too dear.

Arnold may well be most relaxed when he is in his golf shop working on clubs. He admits that it is the work itself that he enjoys—a strange creativity is involved—but it has its practical goals. He is, for example, determined to cut down the number of steps involved in the manufacture of a club and use such economies in his own club-making factory. He shapes and reshapes clubs, searching for designs to incorporate into his Arnold Palmer line. And he treats clubs, expensive new ones, as you and I might treat a piece of paper or a pencil. Last winter he was showing me how a special paint for woods resisted scuffing. He took a new driver and began to hit the head of it with a hammer. The wood dented, and the paint finally cracked. "The paint wasn't put on properly," he said. "Let's try another." And he began hammering again on a shiny driver head, unmindful of the destruction.

The other place where Arnold is most at ease is in the air. He is completely comfortable at the controls of an airplane. He is a very good pilot, and often flies his Jet Commander while Darrell Brown does nothing but keep a watchful eye. The two of them have a running bet about smooth landings. The Jet Commander is Arnold's favorite toy, if you can call something that retails for $800,000 a toy. It is a sleek twin-engine jet that carries five passengers. Having it has enabled Arnold to commute daily to many tournaments and arrange a schedule that would otherwise be impossible. So, like the work in the shop, flying is an adjunct to his vocation. But you need only see his hands move delicately over the astonishing number of controls in his jet to appreciate that, like a golf club, here is an instrument which responds to him, one that he relishes making function to perfection. If Arnold were once again 24 and not sure what he wanted to do, I have no doubt that he would become a pilot.

Arnold has been flying his own planes for some time and has had only one truly close call. The incident occurred on a hunting trip in the fall of 1966. He had flown the jet to Georgia for two days of quail shooting, but to get to the hunting area a smaller Aero Commander, one of the type he once owned, was used. As always, there was another licensed pilot along. On the return trip the pilot let Arnold handle the takeoff.

"We were headed down the runway," Arnold recalls, "when I realized the rudder was not functioning. This sometimes happens when your speed is not high enough to put pressure on the control surfaces. I knew I had plenty of runway, so I waited a second and tried it again. No rudder. 'We don't have a rudder,' I told the pilot. I was about to pull back on the throttle and stop the plane when the pilot reached down and



Neighborhood children and Arnold's brother Jerry join in merriment of snowmobile ride.

jammed the throttle to the wall. He assumed I didn't know what I was doing, and that we just needed more ground speed to make the controls react."

Now there was no turning back. The plane shot forward, swerved near the end of the runway, left the hard surface and was still not airborne, Arnold recalls. Then: "Finally we got off the ground, but had to clear some pine trees. We were only doing about 80 mph and the stall alarm was clanging like hell, and I couldn't figure what was keeping the airplane up. But somehow it stayed up. When we finally got adequate speed, the pilot tried the rudder. 'My God,' he said, 'the rudder doesn't work.' I thought to myself: What's news about that?" It is an unsettling experience to fly an airplane 170 miles without a rudder but it can be done, and a safe landing was made.

Aside from flying and his workshop, Arnold has almost no pastimes. This is a characteristic that sets him apart from most touring professionals. Nicklaus and Casper, for example, like to fish and hunt. Player has his farm—at heart he is a farmer. But Arnold is a golfer. Golf is not labor to him. I think that if you ask Arnold to describe heaven he would begin, "Well, the first tee sits. . . ."

Does Arnold ever really relax? I doubt it, but you must observe him closely to sense his restlessness. Regardless of how late he has been up the night before, he is an early riser, anxious to get into a day. When I need to reach him by telephone on a business matter I know that wherever in the world he is he will be up and around by 8 a.m. and it is safe to call him then. On the other hand, I know it is best to try Player between 9 and 9.30, and Nicklaus between 10 and 10:30. They are as set in their habits as Arnold is in his. One consequence of Palmer's early rising and tight schedule is that by dinnertime he has had a full day. When he is at home and comfortable he is perfectly capable of dozing off, almost in midsentence, while chatting with friends or family.

By now it should be understandable why Arnold Palmer likes Latrobe. During the past five years he has turned down several lucrative contracts with country clubs in other states because one of the stipulations would have been that Arnold set up some kind of residence. He would not have been home. Home is where he can go to a country club dance after losing the 1966 Open to Bill Casper and come away saying, "They treated me as if I had won." It is where he can watch his favorite football team of all, the Latrobe High School Wildcats. It is the one place in the world he can play 18 holes of golf and the only attention he attracts is the wave of a hand from a neighbor. It is the place where his daughters can attend public school, the Unity Township grammar school, without being the children of a celebrity. It is the place where Winnie can look out the den window at the winter's first snow and say she is not going to Florida for the PGA National Team Championship because, frankly, "it's so peaceful here this time of year, and the children can ski over there across the road, and I'd hate to be away."

Finally, it is a place that suits Arnold's deep conservatism. Arnold Palmer has a new Lincoln in his driveway and a jet at his fingertips, but there is no way to convince him deep down that he will never be poor again. Money, to Arnold, exists only if it is in his hand or in his savings account. The idea of borrowing is repugnant to him, and a mortgage is something that banks foreclose and then come and take your furniture away. He would not put additions on his house until they could be paid for when ordered. When he purchases real estate around Latrobe, and he has acquired a good deal of it, he pays the price in full, on the spot. I have tried to explain to him that this is not necessarily the wisest course, that the money he is using could be put to work for him, but I have never tried too hard, because this is a facet of his personality I have come to accept. It comforts him

continued



not to owe money, so he refuses to owe it. He waits until he has enough to pay for what he wants—which is certainly a rare concept by today's standards. Nor is Winnie much different, though the idea of paying cash for their house in 1958 must have required some getting accustomed to.

Periodically Arnold takes me to task about his finances. He wants to see where the money is, he wants to be assured that his future is secure. He tells me it isn't in his savings account and he feels broke, so where is it? Is he really secure? I try. I start into careful explanations of the extent of his holdings in various corporations, how as many safeguards as I can think of have been set up to assure that he is not only a millionaire today but will be for years to come, even if he never hits another golf ball. I talk in generalities about converting earnings into assets that in turn will earn.

"But what do I have?" he will say. "Just show me how you figure out what I am worth."

And I will open my briefcase filled with papers and start talking high finance. I try, but soon I realize that I am losing him. That debits and credits and tax this and write-off that aren't what he wants to hear about. He just wants to know if everything—after all his hard work—is going to be all right.

On those rare occasions when he is especially moody, when the fruits of his success seem less tangible than ever and he happens to be wondering, seriously wondering, if he is ever going to win big again, he will come out with a phrase that I am sure he used with Winnie 10 years ago or more, believing it then and believing it now—literally believing it. He will look at his huge hands with the stubby fingers and he will say, "Mark, no matter what happens, I can always dig ditch." It is a statement of the ultimate security from the No. 1 resident of Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Next Week

The Palmer business empire—how it began with an argument and evolved into a web of corporations that will do everything from insure your life to darn your socks.


Get what you've always wanted
the great grooming action
of a hair cream from a liquid.
If you haven't been getting all you want from
a liquid hair groom, get new Score Liquid.
Gives you the great grooming action of a cream.
That's because new clear Score Liquid is made by
the men who make clear Score Hair Cream.
So you get great grooming action.
And you also get Score's famous greaseless look,
Score's famous masculine scent.
Score® Liquid Hair Groom
Score—Three Ways.™ Hair Cream Spray Deodorant. Liquid Hair Groom.
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GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Pontiac announces not one, two, three or four, but five magnificent new Firebirds for every kind of driving.

Now you can choose from five new Firebirds with the same advanced Pontiac styling, but with five entirely different driving personalities. And they all come with supple expanded vinyl interiors, road-gripping wide-oval tires, wood grain styled dash, exclusive space-saver collapsible spare, bucket seats (or you can order bench in coupes) and GM's standard safety package. Which Firebird is for you? Read on.

Firebird

This is our economy Firebird—with the same exciting options and interiors as the more exotic ones. What gives it its unique personality is that it was designed for inexpensive fun driving. Its Overhead Cam Six squeezes 165 hp from regular. Order it with a column-mounted 3-speed or automatic. Like all Firebirds, it comes with seat belts with pushbutton buckles, front and rear.

Firebird Sprint

Now you don't have to go to Europe for a sophisticated road machine. Firebird Sprint's standard motivation is a 215-hp version of our eager Overhead Cam Six. It's mounted on special suspension that practically welds it to the road. (*Any* road!) It comes with a floor-mounted all-synchro 3-speed and special emblems. And you can order front wheel disc brakes and a hood mounted tach.

Firebird 326

Is there room for a family in a sports car? There is now. The Firebird 326 combines the excitement of a sports car with the practicality of a 326 cubic inch V-8 that delivers 250 hp on regular gas. (Yes, we said *250!*) Standard transmission is an all-synchro three-speed, but you can order an automatic that does all the work for you, and options that include everything from air conditioning to stereo.

Firebird HO

HO stands for High Output. As a split second behind the wheel will attest to. The Firebird HO boasts a 285-hp V-8 with a four-barrel carburetor, dual exhausts and sport striping. Standard stick is a column-mounted three-speed. Or you can specify an all-synchro floor-mounted four-speed or automatic. Naturally, all Firebird options such as Rally wheels and gauge cluster are available.

Firebird 400

After this, there isn't any more. Coiled under those dual scoops is a 400 cubic inch V-8 that shrugs off 325 hp. It's connected to a floor-mounted heavy-duty three-speed. On special suspension with redline wide-oval tires. You can order it with a close- or wide-ratio four-speed. Or with our stupendous three-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic. This could be called the ultimate in grand touring machines. (It will be).

The Magnificent Five are here!

Leava it to Pontiac to do it right.

Pontiac Motor Division


If you thought Pontiac was coming out with just another sports car,
you don't know Pontiac!
Firebird 400



You'll like yourself in a Curlee suit

(and so will she)

Curlee knows what it takes to make a man look his best. Trim, ego-boosting design. Precise, easy-fitting tailoring. Lightweight fabrics in man-flattering patterns and colors. See your Curlee dealer for the look you'll like! For his name write Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CURLEE

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Eastern Division leader PHILADELPHIA (57-10) played only one game and defeated the Bullets 149–118 as Wilt Chamberlain scored 42 points. In shooting 18 for 18 from the floor, Wilt equaled his single-game NBA mark set three years ago. He also extended his latest string of field goals without a miss to 31, just one short of the record he set earlier in the season. Second-place BOSTON (50-17) won four in a row to cut the 76ers' lead to seven games. Two of the Celtics' victories were over the Knicks, making it 17 straight over them the last two seasons. NEW YORK (34-37) lost three in a row before beating the Bullets 116–114 on Willis Reed's jump shot with five seconds to go, while CINCINNATI (31-38), only two games behind the Knicks, was 3-2 for the week, including back-to-back victories over the Warriors. BALTIMORE (18-53), in last place, dropped three of four games. Despite winning only one of three, SAN FRANCISCO's (40-28) lead in the West reached 9½ games when ST. LOUIS (31-28) lost all four games it played. Third-place LOS ANGELES (30-38) won three of five and moved within half a game of the Hawks, while DETROIT (27-40) was 2-0 and CHICAGO (25-44) 1-1 for the week.

BOWLING—Left-hander DAVE DAVIS, the leading money-winner of the season with $26,470 in earnings, gained his third title of the PBA winter tour when he took the $60,000 Miller Open in Milwaukee by defeating Bob Knipple of Long Beach, Calif.

BOXING—Heavyweight JOE FRAZIER of Philadelphia, unbeaten in 13 previous professional fights, added one more victory to his string when he knocked out Doug Jones of New York in the sixth round in Philadelphia (*page 44*).

World Welterweight Champion CURTIS COKES of Dallas knocked out Ted Whitfield of Springfield, Mass. in the third round of a scheduled 10-round nontitle fight in Dallas.

HOCKEY—NHL CHICAGO (32-13-9) won one and tied one as Bobby Hull scored two goals to raise his league-leading total to 40, while NEW YORK (27-20-8), 11 points behind in second place, took two of three games. The Ranger wins were shutouts—1–0 over the Red Wings and 5–0 over the Canadiens—by Ed Giacomin, lifting his league-leading total to eight. The Ranger loss was to the Maple Leafs 4–2, and it extended TORONTO's (24-21-9) winning streak to seven games. The Leafs had won three other games during the week, including a 4–0 shutout of the Red Wings by 37-year-old Terry Sawchuk. MONTREAL (22-24-9), with two ties and two losses, fell into fourth, four points behind the Leafs; DETROIT (22-31-4) dropped three, tied one, and BOSTON (15-33-9) lost one, tied two.

HORSE RACING—PRETENSE ($5.40), with Bill Shoemaker up, took the lead at the top of the stretch and won the 1¼-mile $145,000 Santa Anita Handicap by three lengths over Native Diver.

Earlier in the week, 28 Kentucky Derby hopefuls campaigned in Florida and California (*page 22*). At Santa Anita, RISING MARKET ($12.80), with Laffit Pincay Jr. up, took the 1 1/16-mile $62,550 San Felipe Handicap by a nose over Ruken, and at Hialeah Bob Ussery urged Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' REFLECTED GLORY ($8) to a length's win over Gentleman James in the $34,050 Everglades Stakes.

MOTOR SPORTS—Two-time USAC National Champion MARIO ANDRETTI of Nazareth, Pa. drove a 1967 Ford to first place in the 200-lap Daytona 500 at Daytona Beach, Fla. (*page 20*).

SKIING—Switzerland's DUMENG GIOVANOLI, who won the giant slalom, and KAREN BUDGE of Jackson Hole, Wyo. gained the men's and women's combined titles at the National Alpine Championships in the Missoula (Mont.) Snow Bowl. Other winners were PENNY McCOY of Bishop, Calif. in the women's slalom, Canada's NANCY GREENE in the women's downhill, JIM HEUGA of Tahoe City, Calif. in the slalom, DENNIS McCOY in the downhill and SANDRA SHELLWORTH of Boise, Idaho in the women's giant slalom. Miss Shellworth later broke her leg while practicing for the next day's downhill.

SPEED SKATING—At an international meet in Inzell, Germany, ARD SCHENCK of The Netherlands broke his own world 3,000-meter record by 7.8 with a time of 4:18.4. Finishing second, also well under the old mark, was his countryman KEES VERKERK, who smashed two more world records the next day with a 2:03.9 clocking in the 1,500-meter and a 7:26.6 in the 5,000-meter.

TRACK & FIELD—Running on an unbanked dirt track in a dual meet against Oklahoma State in Lawrence, Kans., JIM RYUN of the University of Kansas ran the half-mile 7 second faster than the world indoor mark set a week earlier by Tom Von Ruden of the 49ers track club. But Ryun's 1:48.3 clocking will not count as a record since it was not run on a board track.

USC's BOB SEAGREN, though failing to break his 17' 3" world indoor record for the pole vault, won his event at the Maple Leaf Games in Toronto with a leap of 16' 8½". In the mile run Canadian DAVE BAILEY took the lead halfway through the race and finished in 4:03.4, some 20 yards ahead of Sam Bair of Kent State and Jim Grelle of Portland, Ore., and DAVE ELLIS of Toronto took the three-mile in 13:35.2 as Kenya's Kipchoge Keino came in ninth in a field of 10. Willie Davenport of Southern University was defeated in the 50-yard high hurdles for the first time this season when Italy's EDDY OTTOZ took the event in 6.0. The next night Ottoz won in the 60-yard high hurdles, edging Erv Hall in 7.0 at the Sunpapers All-Eastern Games in Baltimore. In a slow 4:10.4 mile, JIM GRELLE beat Derek Graham of Britain by seven feet, while SEAGREN vaulted 16' 7¼" for his 11th win in 13 meets. DAVE PATRICK, Villanova's speedy junior, ran the fastest half-mile on an 11-lap board track when he beat Fran Smith of Ithaca, N.Y. by 20 yards with a 1:49.2 clocking. At the Central Collegiate Conference championships in South Bend, Ind., Loyola's (Chicago) GEORGE CROSBY, a 6' 5", 190-pound junior from New York City, ran the 300 in 29.9 on a dirt track. His time was .6 second below the world indoor mark.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED. His resignation as head basketball coach of the University of Missouri at the end of the season, BOB VANATTA, 48.

APPOINTED. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON (TIPPY) DYE, 52, who served as athletic director at the University of Nebraska since 1961, as athletic director at Northwestern. Dye, a former three-sport star athlete and basketball coach at Ohio State, replaces Stu Holcomb, who retired from the position last December.

NAMED. To replace Charlie Metro as manager of the Tulsa Oilers, a Pacific Coast League farm team of the St. Louis Cardinals, WARREN SPAHN, 45. Spahn, who retired from baseball after the 1965 season, won 363 games in his 24-year career. Said Oiler Owner A. Ray Smith hopefully, "The winningest left-hander of all time will become the winningest manager of all time."

RETIRED. From competitive ski jumping, National Champion GENE KOTLAREK, 26, of Minneapolis. Kotlarek also won the U.S. title in 1963 and 1966 and was a member of the last two U.S. Olympic teams.

CREDITS

4—Fred Kaplan Black Star. 20—Lynn Pelham Rapho Guillumette. 22, 23—Bob Ellt Miami Herald. 24—Ted Polumbaum. 25—Bruce Roberts Rapho Guillumette. 26—Ted Polumbaum. 31—Fred Kaplan Black Star. 43—UPI. 44—James Drake. 51—Herb Scharfman. 56, 57—James Drake. 59, 60—Stuart Smith. 61-65—James Drake. 71—Frank Lodge Evansville Sunday Courier Press, Lester Koelling Indianapolis News, Minneapolis Star.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GREG STARRICK, 17, an all-state guard on Marion (Ill.) High's basketball team who has a 32.7-point game average, scored 70 points in an 88-86 double-overtime loss to West Frankfort. During regulation time Starrick broke the conference record with 60 points.



DOUG DICKINSON, 16, of Newport News (Va.) High, set meet records in the broad and triple jumps, placed second in the high jump and 60-yard low hurdles and ran a leg on the winning half-mile relay team to score 21½ of his team's 60 points for its sixth State Indoor I-A title.



PAT DRYER, an Indianapolis housewife who has bowled for 26 years and holds a league average of 189, scored the second highest series ever recorded by a woman in the Peterson Classic Tournament with games of 173, 182, 223, 213, 174, 203, 190 and 239 for a 1,597 total.



BILL FUCHS, a 103-pound-class wrestler at Granite City (Ill.) High, raised his varsity record to 104-3 as he pinned each of three opponents within two minutes to take his class title at the district tournament in Granite City. Two weeks later he won the state championship.



HAMLET PETERSON, 69, completing his 45th year as a coach for Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, was named professor emeritus by the Luther Board of Regents. During his long career Peterson coached baseball (25 years), basketball (43), football (22) and track (20).



LEONARD JOHNSON, 35, a Minneapolis court reporter who has been ski jumping since he was 9 and claims, "My skiing is better than ever," showed why when he won his first national title in the Veterans Class of the U.S. Jumping Championships at Leavenworth, Wash.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

The jockeying between the NCAA and New York's NIT for independent teams for their postseason tournaments was over almost before it began. The NCAA got defending national champion Texas Western (19–5), Houston (21–3), Boston College (17–2), St. John's (20–3), Dayton (21–4), Virginia Tech (17–5), Seattle (17–6) and New Mexico State (14–10). Five conference champions—UCLA (23–0) in the Pacific Eight, Louisville (23–3) in the Missouri Valley, Western Kentucky (21–2) in the Ohio Valley, SMU (17–5) in the Southwest and Connecticut (16–5) in the Yankee—also qualified, and 10 more will get automatic bids.

The NIT, meanwhile, landed 10 attractive teams for its field of 14 independents: Southern Illinois (19–2), St. Peter's (18–3), Syracuse (19–4), Utah State (18–5), Providence (18–6), Rutgers (17–6), Marquette (17–8), Villanova (16–8) and the Missouri Valley's Tulsa (18–6) and Memphis State (17–8). Other candidates were independents DePaul (16–7), Holy Cross (15–8), Army (13–8) and the best of the also-rans in the Atlantic Coast (possibly Duke), Big Eight (Kansas, Nebraska or Colorado), Mid-American (Marshall) and Western AC (New Mexico).

One disquieting note: 11 of the 21 NCAA and NIT teams were beaten last week *after* they accepted invitations.

THE EAST 1. BOSTON COLLEGE (17–2) 2. PRINCETON (22–2) 3. ST. JOHN'S (20–3)

Just about the only PRINCETON man who did not think the world had come to an end when the Tigers lost at Cornell was Coach Butch van Breda Kolff. He simply got ready for the rematch at Princeton last Saturday and said, "It should be fun." It really was, too, for Princeton. John Haarlow, playing with a grotesque face mask to protect a broken nose, and Joe Heiser scored 25 and 17 points, respectively, while the big rebounders—6′9″ Chris Thomforde and Robby Brown and 6′7″ Ed Hummer and Haarlow—overwhelmed Cornell on the boards. Princeton won easily 81–66, and all the Tigers needed was a victory over Penn on Wednesday to win the Ivy League title and a place in the NCAA East Regional.

Syracuse's Fred Lewis thought his fast break and free-lance press would stop patient ST. JOHN'S, and they almost did. The Orange had a seven-point lead with 10 minutes left. Then Sonny Dove got going. He slammed in three straight stuffs, went on to score 27 points and the Redmen won 71–64. Dove got 28 more as St. John's trimmed Miami of Florida 97–70, but Syracuse lost to CANISIUS 68–64 in Buffalo.

BOSTON COLLEGE rolled over Boston U. 74–66 and Georgetown 103–91, but VILLANOVA surprised Providence 55–52. Jimmy Walker had the worst shooting night of his career—two for 20 and only five points. Walker's slump, happily, was only temporary. He spent 90 minutes shooting by himself in the gym and that night got 46 points as the Friars drubbed Rhode Island 99–73. Then Walker topped that with 47, and Providence beat Holy Cross 88–75. Villanova also trounced Memphis State 66–48 to earn an NIT bid, while ARMY, another hopeful, took Navy 64–54.

TEMPLE, however, had its sights set on the NCAA tournament. The Owls licked Pitt 87–49 and NYU 77–61 and will compete with St. Joseph's, La Salle and American U. in the Middle Atlantic playoffs this weekend. ST. JOSEPH'S, in a preview, outscored American 94–68 and La Salle 96–83.

CONNECTICUT's Wes Bialosuknia, the hottest shooter in the country these days, scored 42 as the Uconns whipped New Hampshire 114–75 to win the Yankee title, 40 more in an 84–77 win over Rutgers and 38 against Rhode Island. But RHODE ISLAND upset Connecticut 87–86. RUTGERS came back to take Lafayette 59–40 and NYU, going nowhere, lost to NOTRE DAME 79–66.

THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (23–3) 2. KANSAS (19–3) 3. TOLEDO (21–1)

Winning the Missouri Valley title was easy for LOUISVILLE. The Cards merely turned Westley Unseld and Jerry King loose for 20 points apiece, and Drake succumbed 86–63. But the champs relaxed against WICHITA STATE. The Shockers, who had lost to CINCINNATI 92–63 without seven players who were suspended for missing a bed check, had them all back and rested for Louisville. Unseld got away for 24 points, but Wichita's Melvin Reed matched that and the Shockers won 84–78. Second-place TULSA also had tough going. The Hurricanes barely held off Bradley 65–62 and St. Louis 60–59.

TOLEDO's *wunderkind* had a share of the Mid-American championship tucked away after beating Western Michigan 83–71 and Miami of Ohio 68–66, but MARSHALL can still tie the Rockets. The Thundering Herd kept pace by defeating Miami 77–62 and Western Michigan 68–67. KANSAS hammered Oklahome State 60–50 and Missouri 90–55 to hold the Big Eight lead, 1½ games ahead of NEBRASKA, a 79–71 winner over Kansas State, and the two teams meet Saturday.

The way things were going in the Big Ten, five teams still had a chance to win. INDIANA was a nervous leader after Iowa, beaten by MINNESOTA 88–86, turned around and edged the Hoosiers 75–74. That put the Hawkeyes in a four-way tie for second with Wisconsin, Northwestern and Michigan State, when Wisconsin upset Northwestern 110–94 and Michigan State 68–64.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (21–3) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (19–5) 3. SMU (17–5)

All season long SMU had been coming back from the dead. The Mustangs had won seven games by three points or less, most of them in the very last minute. Last Saturday Rice led SMU 84–83 with five seconds to go, but little Denny Holman plopped in two free throws and the Mustangs survived another pressure cooker 85–84. That, along with TCU's 83–78 loss to ARKANSAS and Texas' earlier 88–78 defeat by TEXAS TECH, clinched the SWC title for SMU. "I don't know how they do it," marveled happy Coach Doc Hayes. "If I knew I'd write me a book."

TEXAS WESTERN, although not exactly overjoyed at the prospect of having to defend its national championship in the Far West Regionals—that is where UCLA will play—instead of in the Midwest, where it won last year, was getting ready anyway. Even without Daddy D Lattin, who was benched for "disciplinary reasons," the Miners beat Utah State 79–75 in Logan when Willie Cager got nine points in the second overtime period. Then TW squashed West Texas State 97–67. HOUSTON's Elvin Hayes sharpened up his game, too. He scored 29 points as the Cougars trounced West Texas 120–76 and 29 more in an 87–73 drubbing of Creighton. Hayes now has 1,478 points for an alltime Houston record.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (20–3) 2. WESTERN KENTUCKY (21–2) 3. TENNESSEE (18–4)

When WESTERN KENTUCKY overtook Eastern Kentucky 71–62 in Richmond to win the Ohio Valley championship (*page 24*) it set off the wildest celebration ever back in Bowling Green. Some 4,000 students, screaming the inevitable "We're No. 1," swarmed downtown and staged an impromptu parade. But then MURRAY STATE caught the Hilltoppers with the shooting shorts. While they dawdled, Murray's Herb McPherson

threw in 25 points, and Western's 21-game winning streak ended 75–69.

NORTH CAROLINA, warming up for an ACC showdown with DUKE Saturday in Chapel Hill, squeezed past cautious Maryland 79–78, but the Tar Heels looked a lot better against Virginia Tech. They played the Gobblers' game, running with them, and Larry Miller, Bob Lewis and Rusty Clark shot Tech out of sight 110–78. Duke also won twice, over Wake Forest 97–84 and Notre Dame 77–65. CLEMSON, out of the race but a real threat to both Carolina and Duke in the conference tournament, took Maryland 65–61 for its seventh straight.

TENNESSEE was almost home in the SEC. The disciplined Vols, attacking with deliberate proficiency, beat Auburn 54–45. VANDERBILT and FLORIDA were still hopeful, though. Vandy bombed Alabama 117–80, with Bo Wyenandt scoring 42 points, and then outran Georgia's slowdown 81–61. Florida took old rival Florida State 90–75 and Mississippi State 59–54. But there was only misery for Kentucky's Adolph Rupp. His Wildcats lost their 11th game, to ALABAMA 81–71, giving the Baron his worst season in 37 years at Kentucky.

WEST VIRGINIA, the Southern Conference winner, tuned up for next weekend's league tournament by clobbering George Washington 127–97.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (23-0) 2. PACIFIC (19-3) 3. UTAH STATE (18-5)

Lew Alcindor continued to make the news. He played well enough in a 71–43 victory over Washington, shrugging off a migraine headache to score 37 points, but he was superb against Washington State. He drove, hooked, jumped and stuffed for 61 points as the Bruins won 100–78. And now there was something new for UCLA's opponents to worry about—a zone defense to go along with the Uclans' devastating press. "You'll be seeing this from now on," said Coach Johnny Wooden, "because Lew has improved so much in protecting the basket."

PACIFIC's husky Keith Swagerty had a splendid week, too (*page 24*). While the Tigers routed Loyola of Los Angeles 89–70 and Pepperdine 94–67 to earn a tie for the West Coast AC title, Swagerty grabbed 58 rebounds and piled up 54 points to break Bill Russell's league scoring record.

Suddenly NEW MEXICO and WYOMING were turning the Western AC upside down. First the Lobos whipped Brigham Young 97–95 in Albuquerque. Then Wyoming, after a 52–49 win over Utah, beat BYU 67–56 in Laramie to take the WAC lead away from the Cougars. Two NCAA-bound independents also had their troubles. Utah State lost to COLORADO STATE 80–75 while New Mexico State fell to HARDIN-SIMMONS 87–77 and EASTERN NEW MEXICO 46–43. **END**





19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FROSTBITTaN

Sirs:

For years we have been trying to tell people what winter sailing is like. We greatly enjoy the sport but have found it hard to express our enjoyment to the disbelievers. Now, with Jeannette Bruce's fine story for quotes and Francis Golden's beautiful watereolor prints as visual examples (*A Tonic of Wind and Water*, Feb. 13), we can adequately tell others of our feelings.

JIM MAATIN
Rear Commodore, University of Cincinnati Sailing Club
Cincinnati

Sirs:

Miss Bruce's story on frostbiting is most factual and the pictures are beautiful. However, while some of the dinghies now racing are 11½ feet with 72 square feet of sail, most are smaller. There are about 300 of our Dyer Dhows (7 feet 11 inches and 9 feet) and 10-foot Dyer Dinks racing all winter at the western end of Long Island Sound. Most of those boats pictured are Dhows.

Incidentally, the dinghy used by Martin Baker in that New Year's Day challenge of 1932 was our first one. It was built after Colin Ratsey's father kidded us because we were towing an English tender behind our Dutch boat. We are most grateful for your splendid coverage.

MRS WILLIAM J. H. DYER
President, The Anchorage, Inc.
Warren, R.I.

ZONE DEF2NS2

Sirs:

Re your article about Italian basketball (*Pallacanestro Is the Rage*, Feb. 13), I have a few comments to make. Before coming to the U.S. I was a member of the A. P. Partenope team of Naples, Italy—or Jupiter, as Jack Olsen calls it—and I think the article is unfair. A lot of the purported U.S. stars who are over there would not even make the second team of a second-rate school here. Sure, compared to some of the local players they look good, but then, if a second-rate soccer player from Europe were to come here, he, too, would look very good.

GEORGE COSENTINI
Houston

Sirs:

I have just finished my first season of European basketball playing for the Oxaco Basketball Club in Antwerp, Belgium, in a league similar to Italy's. Doug Moe need not feel like he is a Lone Ranger. It's the same in Belgium. There are approximately 15 American players beating their heads against the wall due to local rule interpretation and player-coach, coach-owner, owner-newspaper-writer and team-team feuds.

It is a shame to see a country's players held back just because their playing ability is 10 years ahead of the officiating, coaching techniques and spectator conduct. Until these problems are rectified big-time basketball will never truly materialize in Italy, Belgium or anywhere else in Western Europe.

LEN CARLSON
Athletic Director
8th Infantry Division
Germany

BOMBS AWAY

Sirs:

Thanks for the terrific article on Bob Seagren (*He Sizzles with a Swizzle Stick*, Feb. 20). Everyone knows that Bob is the greatest vaulter in the world, and somewhere he is going to break 18 feet.

I also have a tip for Bob: Score hair cream works just as well as hair spray for holding the hair in place going over the bar.

JOHN KOOISTRA III
Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

I can see the trainer's inventory list now:

Adhesive tape	—500 miles
Liniment	—20 gallons
Hair spray	—12 bombs.

PATE BARMASHI
Arlington, Mass.

BACK TO BEAV2R

Sirs:

I was truly delighted to read Bil Gilbert's excellent story on wolf hunting on Michigan's Beaver Island (*Diving for Wolves in Ice Water*, Feb. 20). Having spent the last 10 summers there, I can assure you that Mr. Gilbert truly captured the atmosphere that makes Beaver Island what it is—a place where commereialism has not come. Mr. Gilbert's deseription of Arehie La Freniere and The Shamrock Bar was also excellent.

In these hectic times of ours, Beaver surely offers a delightful change of pace. The inhabitants are warmhearted people who really care about others. Also no one is ever in a hurry. Things are taken in stride.

As the natives say, once the sand of Beaver Island gets into your shoes, you will be drawn to the island forever.

ROBERT J. HRIBAR
East Detroit, Mich.

BAATTITUDE

Sirs:

I became rather irate after reading the letter questioning the coaching abilities of Bob Beattie (19TH HOLE, Feb. 20). Dick Mefford can't be too familiar with the U.S. ski team. To begin with, one must analyze the material Coach Beattie has to work with. While most foreign competitors are mature and experienced (average age about 24), the U.S. team is composed of individuals in their teens. Then we must analyze the U.S. training program. The French, to cite the most outstanding example, train incessantly, while the U.S. team, which is composed mostly of students, is able to participate in training only during vacations. In order to compete regularly, it becomes necessary for many members to postpone their education and, thus, jeopardize their futures.

While Beattie is not all hero, he has had a lot of tough breaks, including the death of Buddy Werner and the frequent injuries of Billy Kidd. But, despite all his faults and misfortunes, he is building a fantastic ski program that is going to make the U.S. tops in the near future.

KAREN LANO
Algonquin, Ill.

Sirs:

As Billy Kidd's father, I read and hear a lot about skiing, but fortunately I haven't heard of Mr. Dick Mefford as a skier or as an authority on ski racing. His letter should certainly bring a flood of protests.

WILLIAM KIDD SR.
Stowe, Vt.

HEADLOCK

Sirs:

Congratulations on running an article on one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S., collegiate wrestling (*Mighty Mouse Leads the Way*, Feb. 20). But the final national ratings will be decided at the NCAA championships March 23–25. Then, and only then, will Lehigh get a chance to dethrone "little" Lock Haven State College as the pride of the East.

ROBEAT HERNCANE
Rockville, Md.

Sirs:

For a long time I have been relating the exploits of the incredible wrestling team that represents East Stroudsburg (Pa.) State to anyone who would listen. Your article about Lehigh makes me want to sound off even more. Whatever Lehigh followers may think, they are *not* No. 1.

GENE CAMERON
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Sirs:

With all due respect for Lehigh and its record of 12 straight wrestling wins, I think it is too soon to call them No. 1.

Throughout lo these many years, the balance of power in college wrestling has swung

continued



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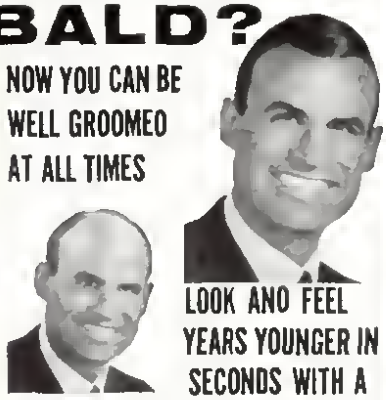
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between Oklahoma State and its neighbor to the south, Oklahoma. One only has to look at the NCAA records to see the validity of this statement.

I realize that past records are nothing more than, well, past records, and we are talking about this year. But if Lehigh had to face the likes of Oklahoma, Oklahoma State and Iowa State, I have serious doubts that they would have a winning streak at all.

When the 1967 NCAA college finals come around later this year it will take more than Mike Caruso and Pappajohn to stop the likes of Dickie Haxel, Roger Mickish, Granville Liggins and the rest of the real No. 1 team—Oklahoma.

PATRICK E. BAILEY

Dallas

Sirs:

Many thanks for your excellent article on Lehigh University wrestling. Your constant spotlighting of "minor" sports is certainly to be lauded.

GERALD GRIFFIN

Rochester, N.Y.

IN THE ROUGH

Sirs:

Desmond Muirhead proves his point when he says that golf-course architects have not had a new thought in 100 years (*New Twists for an Old Art*, Feb. 20). If Gwilym Brown will take a look at the 9th hole at Dorado Beach Golf Club in Puerto Rico, he will see that Muirhead himself has been influenced by masters other than Rousseau, Van Gogh, *et al.* The 9th at Dorado Beach features a long tee that curls around a lake providing tee shots varying from a 140-yard shot over fairway to a 235-yard poke over water. In fact, it more than somewhat resembles the diagram of the 6th at Soboba Springs shown in your article.

Now let's see, who designed Dorado Beach? Why, it was that old "imitator" Robert Trent Jones.

It will be more than "two or three years" before Muirhead will be in a position to sound patronizing.

R. W. BEATY

Aurora, Ill.

Sirs:

I was most impressed by Gwilym S. Brown's fine article on the golf-course architect Desmond Muirhead. It has always struck me that, with the present fantastic worldwide interest in golf, we should be in the middle of a golden age in golf-course architecture. That we aren't must be due to the low standards in this field up till now. It looks as if Mr. Muirhead will initiate this much needed renaissance. Congratulations to SI for leading the way.

P. FRAZER

Milwaukee

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